SAW

by
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MISSING PAGES 32 + 33

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERWATER

The low roar of deep water. There is no surface or floor here, this ocean is infinite in all directions. Then, through the inky void, a light. A tiny penlight on a chain. It floats towards us, a tag trailing behind it on the end of the chain. At first the light shows us nothing - until its glow lands on a face. The face of a young man. His eyes are closed, mouth aghast in mute shock.

His eyes abruptly flick open, wide with terror. He takes a breath, swallowing only water, thrashing and expelling bubbles. He kicks out, hitting something. He sees a bath plug below him.

He is in a bathtub.

The man's legs thump against the tubs edges as he strains to sit up. The plug chain coils around his toe and he jerks it upward, releasing the plug. The water whirlwinds down the plughole, gurgling.

The penlight clinks down the drain, taking the tag with it. We hear the man suck in a huge breath above the surface, coughing and gasping. We hear the man -- but we do not see him.

It is pitch black. Tiny slivers of light are all that allow us quick glimpses of the man's face -- *everything else is darkness.*

MAN (V.O)
Jesus Christ!

We hear a chain rattle. The man screams in pain, his cry echoing as if he were inside a sealed chamber.

MAN (V.O)
HELP! Someone help me, PLEASE!

There is a faint noise. It's close. Inside the room.

MAN (V.O)
Who's that? Is someone there?

Silence.

MAN (V.O)
Is this some kind of sick joke? Wha--
(beat)
HEY!

Again, no reply. Panic rises in the man's voice.

MAN (V.O)
Shit, I'm probably dead.

A second voice slices through the blackness, that of an older sounding man.

OLDER MAN (V.O)
You're not dead.

MAN (V.O)
Who's there?

No reply.

MAN (V.O)
WHO'S THERE??

The man breathes hard, waiting for an answer. None comes.

MAN (V.O)
Turn on the lights!

OLDER MAN (V.O)
Be quiet.

MAN (V.O)
What the fuck is going on? Where am I?

OLDER MAN (V.O)
I don't know, yet.

We hear hands slapping against hard surfaces, feeling around. Someone sniffs the air.

MAN (V.O)
What is that smell?

OLDER MAN (V.O)
Shhh.

After an expectant beat, we remain in darkness. The man begins whispering to himself; childlike, primal.

MAN (V.O)
God, please help me. I'll be a better person, I swear - I will do anything you want. Please just get me out of this--

BZZZZZZP!!

A flash of light illuminates the room, then goes out. It zaps again, then blinks on and off spastically before flooding the entire room with white light.

A row of fluorescent tubes on the ceiling have come to life. The older man's hand rests on a lightswitch.

The two men shield their faces, then peek out at their surroundings through strained eyes.

The older man, LAWRENCE GORDON (46), has the handsome, dignified face of an 'IMPORTANT WHITE MALE'. The other man, ADAM RADFORD (25), looks like a drowned rat. A young, grungily dressed, drowned rat.

They are at opposite ends of a large bathroom, thirty feet apart. Both have no shoes, and both are shackled to separate floor-to-ceiling pipes with a thick, three-foot long steel chain, which ends in a clamp that binds their right ankle.

The windowless room is almost bare, save for a bathtub and toilet on either side of Adam, and a basin which juts out of the wall to the right of Lawrence. Pipes strangle the ceiling like rusted vines.

A large mirror is mounted on the wall facing them. Above it is a CLOCK, which reads TEN TO EIGHT.

The men's attention turns to the floor between them, where a blue and bloated, naked male corpse is sprawled face down in the centre of the room. A lake of blood coats the floor around his head, which his brains have been blown out of, all over the wall. In his left hand is a .387 revolver, strapped to his skin with duct tape. In his right hand is a t recorder.

The silence punctuates their shock.

ADAM

Is that...?

Lawrence kneels down for a better look at the corpse.

Adam shuts his eyes - takes a deep breath. Opens them again. He vomits. Lawrence looks up as Adam wretches.

He puts a finger over his lips, signalling for Adam to be quiet, then presses his ear against the grimy, tiled wall behind him. His eyes follow a sound which travels up the wall to the ceiling, making its way along one of the pipes - until it reaches a hole, where it drips out. Water.

Lawrence presses his ear against the wall again, closing his eyes and concentrating hard.

Nothing. No birds chirping, no urban atmos - true silence.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Lawrence whirls on Adam, who kicks the bathtub with his foot clamp.

ADAM

HEEEEEELP!!

The echo fades.

Adam gets on the floor, struggling to pull his foot through the clamp. Its steel edge cuts into his foot as he heaves backwards. He collapses in *pain. Lawrence watches him.*

LAWRENCE

Calm down.

ADAM

Calm down?!

Despite himself, Lawrence's stern, even tone has the effect of settling Adam a little.

LAWRENCE

Are you alright?

ADAM

What?

LAWRENCE

Are you injured in any way?

ADAM

I don't know. I don't think so.

LAWRENCE

What's your name?

ADAM

My name is very fucking confused.

Lawrence turns his attention to the body.

LAWRENCE

(pointing at the corpse)
Do you recognise that man?

Adam shakes his head.

LAWRENCE

Do you have any idea how you got here?
(beat; off Adam's "I don't know" look)
What's the last thing you remember?

Adam looks away.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BUILDING - *NIGHT -- FLASHBACK*

Low rent. It's late. A baby wails somewhere. Adam clomps noisily up the stairs, alone and singing loudly to himself, a 35mm camera slung over his shoulder. A voice from upstairs yells down at him.

MALE VOICE (O.S)
Hey! It's three in the morning, pal. Some people have to work.

ADAM
I know, don't you feel sorry for them?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm gonna be waiting for you one day, you little shithead.

Adam mouths the words "little shithead" along with the irate neighbor - this is clearly a well worn routine.

VOICE (O.S)
One day.

That voice was closer.

Adam stops and turns — his eyes searching for the source. The baby has stopped crying and only the wind replies.

He turns again, coming face-to-face with a grim policeman on a faded Neighborhood Watch poster. He 'shoots' the cop with his fingers, then heads onwards to his front door.

A loud miaow is heard and Adam starts.

A mangy stray cat slinks up to him.

ADAM
Jesus, cat.

Adam unlocks his door and goes in. The cat hovers. A few beats pass.

The door opens again, Adam emerging with a carton of milk. He leans down, picking up the cat and gently stroking its face.

ADAM
What a lovely non-judgmental animal you are.

He doesn't see the DARK FIGURE behind him walk stealthily through his open door, into the blackness beyond it.

Adam stands up, leaving the milk for the cat. Walks back into his apartment and shuts the door. The cat purrs.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Adam looks dazed.

ADAM
I got home, went inside...that's it.

LAWRENCE
You said someone threatened you.

ADAM
That was just my neighbor. He thinks I'm some unemployed guy whose sole purpose in life is to keep him awake at night. He doesn't know I actually work nights.

LAWRENCE
What do you do?

ADAM
Exactly, what can you do when you're surrounded by such ignorance?

Lawrence studies his face. Needs more.

ADAM
There's nothing more to tell. I went to bed in a shithole, and woke up in an actual shithole.

They stand in silence for a beat, suspicions flying between them.

ADAM
What about you?

Close on Lawrence.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Clutching a briefcase, Lawrence marches quickly through the empty spaces of an underground parking lot, approaching a lonely BMW in the far corner, the only car left.

SUDDENLY--

A FLASH goes off behind him, lighting up the cavernous lot for a split second. He whirls, scanning. No one is there.

Lawrence reaches the BMW. He opens his briefcase - the contents all neatly and precisely allotted.
With one last nervous survey of the parking lot, he opens the door and slides into the leather-covered drivers seat.

He starts the car; hurried, frenzied.

We see what he does not—a dark figure, RISING in the backseat behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Lawrence is deep in thought.

He rolls up his sleeve and spots a tiny hole in his vein. He looks up at Adam.

LAWRENCE
Lift up your sleeves.

Adam does.

LAWRENCE
Can you see a bruise or a needle entry?

Adam searches his arms.

ADAM
Yeah. What is it?

LAWRENCE
Chances are we've been injected with some kind of barbiturate. Rohypnol most probably.

Adam glares at him - how does he know so much? As if in psychic answer--

LAWRENCE
I'm a doctor. My name is Lawrence.

ADAM
Adam.

Lawrence nods back.

In unison, they both direct their attention to the corpse.

ADAM
First dead body I've ever seen. They look different in real life.
(beat)
They don't move.

LAWRENCE
What we need to do is start thinking about why were here.

Lawrence stares at the chain on his foot.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Whoever brought us here could have killed us by now - but they didn't. They must want something from us.

Adam ponders this, his eyes suddenly locking on the bathtub. Alarm bells go off in his head. He whips his shirt up, checking his body.

ADAM
Can you see any scars?

Lawrence shoots him a perplexed look.

ADAM
This is what they do, see. They kidnap you and drug you and before you know it you're lying in a bathtub and your kidneys are on E-bay.

He rips his shirt off, craning his neck to get a look at his back.

LAWRENCE
No one has taken your kidneys.

ADAM
How can you tell from way over there?

LAWRENCE
You'd either be in terrible agony or dead by now if they had. I promise you.

Adam sits on the floor, unbuckling his jeans and yanking them down.

ADAM
Yeah, well, how do you know I'm not in terrible agony?

Lawrence dismisses him; turns to look up at the clock. It is the only object in the room not encrusted with mould.

LAWRENCE
That clock. It's brand new.

ADAM
So?

LAWRENCE
So someone wants us to know the time.

Suddenly Adam STOPS DEAD. He has found something in the pocket of his jeans. It's an envelope. 'ADAM' is written on the front.

Adam opens it, letting the contents fall onto the floor. Inside is a micro cassette tape. Written on the tape, the words: 'ISN'T THIS FUN? PLAY ME FOR THE RULES'.

LAWRENCE
What is it?

Adam is too engrossed to respond.

LAWRENCE
EXCUSE ME!

Adam looks up at him.

ADAM
It's a tape. It says 'play me for the rules'.

LAWRENCE
Where did you find it?

ADAM
It was in my pocket.

Lawrence slips his hands into his own pockets, rummaging and pulling something out.

It's another envelope, this time labelled 'LAWRENCE'. He opens it. Inside is an identical cassette tape, a single bullet -- and a key.

Lawrence tries the key in the lock on his foot - no good.

ADAM
Throw it over here.

Lawrence hesitates.

ADAM
Oh, come on.

LAWRENCE tosses the key over. It doesn't work for Adam either.

Their eyes go to the tape recorder in the body's left hand.

Adam springs into action. He lays down, stretching as far as he can reach. His grasp is a good three feet short.

LAWRENCE

Use your shirt.

Adam wraps one arm of his shirt around his hand, flinging it out over the tape recorder - with no result. He tries again. Another miss.

ADAM

It won't work.

LAWRENCE

Look around. There must be something else you can use.

ADAM

There's nothing.

LAWRENCE

There must be something.

ADAM

Why don't you try doing it?

Lawrence scans the room, thinking.

LAWRENCE

The bath-plug.

He's right. Adam snatches the plug and chain from its mooring. He quickly ties it to one arm of his shirt and again sprawls on his stomach.

He casts it out, and this time he succeeds, the plug landing perfectly and snagging the handle on the tape recorder. Adam reels it in. He blows a layer of dust off the recorder, then slots his tape inside. Places his finger on the PLAY button. Presses down.

Tape hiss wheezes forth, drowning their chamber's every rivet. It drones on for an eternity, then--

A VOICE -- one that slices through bone. High-pitched and cheerful, it still manages to sound sickly; like a ventriloquist's puppet reading a eulogy.

VOICE
(from tape)

Rise and shine, Adam. This is a game. So many days you have wanted to die - today your aim is to

live. To get out of this room alive. Either way, you win, yes?

The tape hiss returns. Adam fast-forwards a few beats, but there is nothing else there. He presses STOP.

ADAM
I...I don't get it.

LAWRENCE
Throw me the player.

ADAM
No, you throw me your tape.

LAWRENCE
Look, we're going to have to work together if we want to get out of here.

ADAM
We'll work together after I hear what's on your tape.

Lawrence sighs and tosses his tape across the room. Adam plucks it up, placing it in the recorder. He presses play.

VOICE
(from tape)
Doctor Gordon, this is your wake-up call. Throughout your life, you have told many people that they are going to die. Today you will be the cause of death. Your aim in this game is to kill Adam. You have until four on the clock to do it. There is a man in the room with you. When there is that much poison in your blood, the only thing left to do is kill yourself. You may use his gun to kill Adam. To get to it, you'll have to get free from your chain.
(beat; coughing)
There are ways to win this, hidden all around you. Just remember, X marks the spot for the treasure. Find the X.

The voice pauses, letting the information sink in.

VOICE
(cont'd, from tape)
If you do not kill Adam by four, then I'm going to kill Alison and Diana, Doctor Gordon. Your wife and daughter. Let the game begin.

The voice cuts out.

Lawrence is shell-shocked. Can't believe what he's just heard.

LAWRENCE
(referring to the recorder)
Give me that.
(beat)
Now.

Bewildered, Adam heaves it over. Lawrence rewinds it.

VOICE
(from tape)
...then I'm going to kill Alison and Diana, Doctor Gordon. Your wife and daughter. Let the game begin.

Whatever chaos is raging inside Lawrence, he holds it in. Just.

ADAM
Maybe it's a bluff.

Adam's eyes fall on the rotting corpse. Pity fills him.

ADAM
I'm sorry.

Lawrence stares intently at the recorder, like it holds the key to everything.

ADAM
Any idea who that is?

Lawrence shakes his head.

ADAM
He knows us.

Lawrence is in another world. He fast forwards the tape, listening for more. There is nothing but hiss.

The tape squawks suddenly as Lawrence runs it forward. He takes it back, motioning for Adam to be quiet, and listens.

VOICE
(from tape)
Follow your heart.

Adam sees Lawrence mouth the words to himself - 'follow your heart'.

ADAM
What do you think?

A beat then Lawrence springs into action. He unbuttons his shirt, lifti up the singlet underneath and exposing his white, office-worker flesh. Scrawled across the left side of his chest - across his heart - is the word TOILET, written backwards.

He faces the mirror, reads it.

LAWRENCE

Toilet.

They both focus on the filth-encrusted toilet next to Adam. Lawrence nods to him to check it. Adam flips open the seat cover, squinting into the muck. Doesn't want to do it.

He takes a deep breath and plunges his arm in, scrounging. Finding nothing, he retracts it, sickened.

LAWRENCE

Anything?

ADAM

Just shit.

LAWRENCE

Take off the lid.

Adam lifts the cistern lid off, reaching in and hauling up a large plastic bag, water dripping off it. WELL DONE is painted across it.

ADAM

I really wish I had've checked in there first.

He sets the bag down, cautious. Peers inside.

LAWRENCE

What is it?

A beat, then Adam lifts two large hacksaws out of the bag.

ADAM

This is a game.

LAWRENCE

Watch out! They could be anything.

Adam drops them with a clatter. Steps on one of them.

ADAM

Seems like a fairly normal hacksaw to me.

He picks one up and attempts to saw through his chain with it.

LAWRENCE

You won't be able to cut through the chain with that.

ADAM

We'll see.

Lawrence watches him, tense. Can't wait any longer.

LAWRENCE

Pass me the other one...please.

Adam pitches the other hacksaw to Lawrence, off to one side. As he reaches over to get it, Adam flings the plastic bag into the bathtub behind him.

They pull their chains taut and begin cutting. Lawrence takes his time. Adam forces it, the chain shaking.

We pan up to the clock mounted above the mirror, which now reads a QUARTER PAST NINE.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOCK FACE

We are inside the clock, looking out at the bathroom. The second's hand ticks into view, swiping across frame and causing a transition. We are now looking at the same view, only later.

Lawrence continues to cut at his chain. He swaps the hacksaw into his left hand, trying to steady the chain with his right - but this is proving next to impossible.

Adam has given up on the chain and is attempting to saw through the solid concrete pipe the chain is attached to. He grips his hacksaw with both hands, thrusting ferociously.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Adam picks up momentum, the hacksaw trembling. Lawrence stops trying to cut through his chain. He winces as Adam's blade screeches.

SNAP!-- the blade on the hacksaw breaks off, wedged into the concrete.

Adam boils.

ADAM

FUCK!

He hurls the hacksaw handle at the mirror, smashing one corner of it. Small shards ricochet around the room.

Anger ERUPTS inside him; he thrashes wildly, trying to rip his chain from the wall. Wears himself out. He simmers, chest heaving.

LAWRENCE
He'd never make it this easy.

Lawrence gently places his hacksaw on the ground.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
He doesn't want us to cut through our chain. He wants us to cut through our foot.

Adam reacts to the 'He'.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I may know who has done this to us.

ADAM
Who?

LAWRENCE
It's not someone I know personally. It's someone I know of.

ADAM
Spill it.

Lawrence looks away.

LAWRENCE
The police still don't have his name.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEUROSCIENCE WARD, HOSPITAL - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence pulls back a bed curtain, revealing a sleeping man, surrounded by the sluggish drone of hospital machinery.

A head nurse and three student doctors stand behind him. Lawrence checks the man's vital signs chart.

LAWRENCE
Let's decrease this morphine dosage to ten milligrams.

The head nurse takes notes.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I also want the oxygen saturation monitored.

A gangly ORDERLY shuffles past, pushing a trolley. He stops and listens. Lawrence turns to face the student doctors, meeting eyes with one of them in particular - a pretty young female with RED HAIR. She smiles shyly.

LAWRENCE
This patient has an inoperable front of brain tumour. It is metastatic and started as a colorectal cancer. The patient came in for the insertion of a port, and had an adverse reaction to the anaesthetic—

ORDERLY
His name's John, Doctor Gordon. He's a real interesting person. He's an artist, see.

LAWRENCE
Why thank you for that information, Zep.

The orderly moves on. Lawrence watches him go, shakes his head.

LAWRENCE
As I was saying, the patient had--

VOICE
(over loud-speaker)
Doctor Lawrence Gordon, please contact switchboard on extension 1217.

LAWRENCE
Obviously, someone doesn't want me to tell you what the patient had.

The student doctors laugh.

INT. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE, HOSPITAL - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Neat. Breathtakingly neat.

Lawrence enters his very clean office to find two men, DAVID TAPP (40) and STEVEN SING (28, Asian), already inside it. Tapp reads the certificates on the wall; Sing leans against the desk. They look up.

TAPP
Hello Doctor Gordon. I'm Detective Tapp, this is Detective Sing. It's an honor to meet you, sir.

LAWRENCE

Thank you, I'm doing my best...as is everyone else here.

Lawrence shakes hands with Tapp; he is dressed sloppily, shirt un-ironed. Sing simply salutes, looks bored.

TAPP

Sorry to interrupt you while you're working.

LAWRENCE

It's fine. How can I help you, gentlemen?

TAPP

We're investigating a serious matter which has occurred overnight.

Lawrence nods his head, eyes switching between the two cops.

TAPP

Are you able to tell us where you were between the hours of eleven pm and one am last night, doctor?

Lawrence stiffens up. Hesitates.

LAWRENCE

Why is it that you're interested?

SING

Believe us, the time between eleven pm and one am last night was very interesting.

TAPP

We'd like to ask you a few questions about it. For your sake, I think it would be best if we did it down at the station.

Lawrence notices other doctors staring in through the office window. He walks over and closes the blinds.

LAWRENCE

I'm...I'm sorry, what is this all about?

TAPP

You won't co-operate?

LAWRENCE

I didn't say that. I said I want to know what this is about.

TAPP

Look, we can arrest you right now in front of everyone. Or you can come with us quietly. The choice is yours, doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence sits rigid in a chair opposite Tapp and Sing. Lawrence's lawyer, BRETT WILKES (43), is next to him. A reel-to-reel recorder rolls between them.

TAPP

So you won't tell us anything?

BRETT

This is ridiculous. We need to know what all this is in relation to. My client has already asked you repeatedly.

SING

(indicating Lawrence)

I like it better when he talks, pal.

BRETT

What are you trying to do, scare me with a half-ass bad cop routine? Unless you give me some details, were leaving. Understood?

TAPP

A young man was murdered last night between the hours of eleven pm and one am, counsel. We have reason to believe that Doctor Gordon may be involved. And while we're on tape, I'll just say that his reluctance to talk is looking a lot like an admission of guilt.

INT. OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Lawrence stands; Brett sits opposite him. They are alone.

LAWRENCE

Of course I don't know what they're talking about, Brett. How long have we known each other? They found my fingerprints at a murder scene, I'm at a total loss as to how.

BRETT

I have to ask, Larry.
(beat) So
what were you doing last night?

This is tearing Lawrence up - letting go of secrets.

BRETT
Lawrence?

He steps in towards Brett.

LAWRENCE
I was visiting someone. Not my wife.

BRETT
Oh.

Brett contemplates this.

BRETT
Well, my advice is to bite the bullet and give them your alibi now - because no one's going to believe you later. Go for a truthful defence and wrap this up.

Lawrence can't bear the thought of letting the police know.

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Lawrence tries his best to appear unperturbed by the memory.

LAWRENCE
That was five long months ago. He tried to set me up for murder.

ADAM
Listen, all I wanna know is—

LAWRENCE
Actually, he's no murderer. He never killed anyone. He waits for his victims to kill themselves.

ADAM
Are they always chained up in a room with you?

Lawrence doesn't react. Scans the room around him.

LAWRENCE
This person is a very sick individual.

We drift away from Lawrence, toward the ceiling. We CLOSE IN on one of the fluorescent tubes, until its white light BLINDS us.

We pull back from the light, now staring down a torch in--

INT. SEWER - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

The place where our filth goes.

Water leaks, germs breed, secrets rot. A torch beam swathes the darkness, criss-crossing several other beams, which advance through the mire. A police radio crackles.

At the head of the torch pack are Tapp and Sing, in gas masks.

SING
Why is it that a phone call after midnight always brings bad news? Why doesn't anyone ever call at two in the morning and say 'Hi, you just won the state lottery'?

TAPP
(not listening)
According to first report forensics, the victim's been down here roughly a month.

SING
So one more night wouldn't have bothered him, and my wife would still be speaking to me.

They reach an iron door, which has a large hole welded into it. KERRY (30), a female forensic, peers out through the hole.

KERRY
You guys homicide?

SING
It's us, Kerry. Your favorite dicks.

KERRY
Hang onto that sense of humor, Steve. You're gonna need it.

They crouch down, stepping through the hole, into--

INT. PITCH BLACK ROOM -- FLASHBACK

A rat scurries away from the lights.

The two detectives remove their gas masks. Sing points his torch, and Tapp sees it, hunched on the floor—

A naked male body -- entombed in a bizarre cage, made entirely from razor wire. The man has obviously tried to free himself and become entangled, the razors cutting deep into his skin. His expression is one of frozen terror.

Kerry holds up a clear plastic bag with an old tape recorder inside. She presses play. The voice we heard on Lawrence and Adam's tapes spits forth.

VOICE
(from tape)
Hello Paul. For a long time, money has been your main concern. That will change now. You will play a game that has nothing to do with profits. All you have to do to win the game is stand up and walk out the door. If you can't do it by three o' clock, the door will close and then this room becomes a tomb. How much do you value your life?

Kerry shuts off the tape, then directs her torch at a large contraption on the back of the door, with a digital clock in the centre that reads 3:00 AM.

KERRY
The door was on a timer. It was wide open until three, then it slammed shut, right on the dot. He was given two hours.

CUT TO:

INT. PITCH BLACK ROOM -- EARLIER

Paul is inside the cage, alive, reaching out for the open door. He SCREAMS as he struggles to claw through the razor wire.

CUT TO:

INT. PITCH BLACK ROOM -- FLASHBACK

Tapp circles the body. It is clear he has never seen anything like this. He leans in close, his flashlight finding the back of the victims neck, where a small area of flesh has been neatly and precisely cut away. It is in the shape of a jigsaw piece.

TAPP

(to himself)
Jigsaw... (to Sing)
I think we're going to be here for a while.

Sing lets out a loud sigh.

SING
Hear that? That's the sound of my marriage going down the drain.

A flash goes off, lighting up the body and FREEZE-FRAMING the whole image in black and white. We pull back from the frozen image, into--

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence's face. He stares at the black and white forensic photo. A note clipped to it reads 'VICTIM 1'.

He casts it aside, flipping through a thick case file in front of him on a desk.

He comes across another black and white photo, this time marked 'VICTIM 2'. The image is of a blistered, charred hand. We descend INTO the photo, pulling back to reveal--

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM, SEWERS - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

--a naked male body, twisted on the floor of a circular, windowless room, like the bottom of a large well. The floor is covered in small metal balls, sharpened spikes protruding from them. In the centre of the room is a locked safe.

Several plainclothes police officers mill about, treading on the balls in heavy boots. Tapp picks at the corpse, speaking aloud but directing it at no one in particular; seems to be talking to the corpse itself.

TAPP
Once again we have a male victim who appears to have been drugged and forcefully brought here by our man, Jigsaw.

He moves around the room; whispering.

TAPP
Once again he left a tape for the victim.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM -- EARLIER

A gaunt, naked man awakens suddenly in a chair. His right arm is smeared in a thick brown gelatine. He looks down to see the spike-ball covered floor of the room he is in.

An envelope sits in his lap. MARK is written across it. He tips out the contents, squinting at them in the dim light of an overhead candle.

A tape player...and a single match.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM -- FLASHBACK

Tapp holds up the tape recorder, wearing forensic gloves.

VOICE
(from tape)
It's good for you to be getting out, Mark. No one who is healthy should be bedridden. This game will have you busy-busy, though. There is a slow acting poison in your veins right now. The antidote is inside the safe.
(beat; coughing))
The combination to the safe is written on the wall. Hurry and program it in before the candle burns out. Then you'll have to use other flammable materials.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM -- EARLIER

The man reads numbers that are scrawled on a thin strip of tape which runs around the entire length of the room.

Ripping it a fraction to keep track of where he's up to, he hobbles carefully across the spike-balls - wincing as they cut into his feet - to the safe, where he types numbers into a keypad, then heads back toward the *tape on the wall.*

Then the candle goes out.

For a moment, we are in total darkness. Then a match ignites.

The man has set his right arm ablaze.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM -- FLASHBACK

Kerry tiptoes up beside Tapp.

KERRY
We found something. Well, two things actually.

She points toward a slit in the door of the rounded room.

KERRY (CONT'D)
Someone one was standing out there, watching the whole thing.

She lifts up an evidence bag, containing a doctor's penlight, the type used to examine people's throats and eyes.

KERRY (CONT'D)
And he left something behind.

Tapp takes the bag.

TAPP
Get a rush on the prints.

BANG!!—

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

--Sing SLAMS the door shut, startling Lawrence out of his concentration. He gestures to a young woman, MANDY (27), who is entering the interview room, with Tapp, on the other side of the two way glass.

SING
You know this girl?

LAWRENCE
She's one of my nurses at the hospital. I couldn't tell you her name.

SING
It's Amanda Denlon. She crawled out of a drain yesterday.

Sing takes a seat next to Lawrence.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Mandy is dressed in a loose smock, a doctor behind her.

TAPP
Tell me the first thing you remember, Mandy.

Mandy, smiling gently, turns to face him.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT -- MANDY'S FLASHBACK

A naked bulb gives light to a figure, slumped in a chair. It is a dazed Mandy. Strapped to her mouth is a bulky metal device, which clamps onto her upper and lower jaws like a medieval dental tool. It looks very painful.

She comes to, eyes going wide with fear. Breathing kicks up a notch. She grips the device, trying to pull it off, but it's no good.

She stands up, the chair she was sitting on flying backwards, pulled by a wire. As soon as she is on her feet, a timer at the back of her jaw-trap begins rotating in a slow circle.

As she gropes forward, a series of pulleys and counterweights strung around the room creak to life, spinning a television set around to face her. It clicks on. Horrified, Mandy watches as a garish, ghoulish ventriloquist's doll sitting in a chair fills the screen. It speaks with the voice we have come to know as Jigsaw's.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello Amanda. Hard to complain when you can't open your mouth, isn't it? Think of this as similar to the therapy you love so much. This is better though. This is free.

The doll turns, and the grainy, handheld-camera image pans across to show a human skull, wearing the same jaw-trap.

DOLL
(from screen)
Minus the benefit of a rear view, I'll give you a demonstration of what is about to happen. There is a timer on the back of the device you are wearing. When the timer goes off, your mouth will be permanently open.

The camera zooms into the skull. We hear a timer click to a stop. Boom. The jaw-trap explodes open in opposite directions, like a bear trap in reverse, shattering the porcelain skull.

Mandy chokes as she watches.

DOLL
(from screen)
There is only one key to open your device. It is in the stomach of your cellmate. Look around

Amanda, know that I am not lying. You'd better hurry up. Your life now has a time limit.

Mandy staggers backwards, her head knocking the lightbulb and sending it spinning. She looks down, the swinging bulb flashing past the face of a body. She recoils, the light showing her a man, lying still on the floor.

Mandy lifts the shirt of the body to expose his stomach.

A question mark is painted across it.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Mandy stares into her lap.

MANDY

There was a knife.

INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT -- MANDY'S FLASHBACK

An envelope marked AMANDA is scotch-taped to the top of the television. She rips it off, letting a scalpel fall out.

A rapid MONTAGE of images FLICKER in the strobing light: Mandy's hand on the scalpel...the timer ticking slowly...the scalpel being raised into the light...the scalpel coming down.

Then it happens.

The man moves his finger slightly; emits a tiny groan. Mandy looks down at him in horror.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Sing throws an evidence bag containing a syringe onto the table in front of Lawrence.

SING

The man in the room with her had been injected with this. It causes instant paralysis to ninety per cent of muscles in the body.

LAWRENCE

He was alive?

Sing turns back to the mirror.

SING

Was.

TAPP

(from interview room)
What happened after you took it off?

INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT -- MANDY'S FLASHBACK

Mandy holds up an allen key, dripping blood.

She feels around the back of the device, slotting the key into a hole and unlocking it. The device unlocks, the bottom half unclamping from her jaw.

She hauls it off her head, throwing it aside. The timer clicks to a stop, the clamp SNAPPING open. Tears spill out of her face as she collapses; *trembling, wailing, shattered.*

A bolt is lifted, and a door in the corner groans open. Mandy ceases making noise, staring into the darkness beyond the door. Waiting.

SUDDENLY -- the smiley ventriloquist's doll from the video enters, riding a tiny tricycle. The tricycle crashes at her feet, the doll spouting a perfect speaking voice.

DOLL

Congratulations. Your will to live has seen that you have played the game and won. Savor that feeling pulsing through your veins - you are alive and healthy. Most people take their health and their life for granted, but not you...anymore.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Mandy reaches over and takes Tapp's hand.

MANDY

I'm alive.

Tears form in her eyes.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION -- FLASHBACK

Sing shoots a 'she's a psycho' look at Lawrence.

SING

Lady, where you're goin' I'd rather be dead.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION -- FLASHBACK

Tapp looks uncomfortable with the crying girl. Lost for words.

TAPP
You're a brave girl.

Tapp turns to look at the mirror. From Lawrence's point of view, it looks like Tapp is staring directly INTO HIS EYES.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Adam looks like a frightened child.

ADAM
Are you sure it's him?

Lawrence surveys the room.

LAWRENCE
Yes.

Adam has a minor meltdown taking it all in.

ADAM
Well, why am I here? If this bullshit is true, why the fuck am I here?

LAWRENCE
I don't know.

ADAM
I don't know either. I don't know what to believe.

LAWRENCE
You can believe that we are stuck in this room, and that if we don't find a way out we're going to run out of oxygen. That's all you need to believe.

ADAM
Yeah, and you could be the one who put me here.

LAWRENCE
I'm in exactly the same situation as you are.

Adam snatches up one of the broken mirror shards, enraged.

ADAM
Wrong. You've got one thing I don't - the answers. Now you either tell me who is--

He cuts his tirade short.

He is staring into the mirror shard he is holding, his eye reflected bac at him in it. He turns it around, SEEING THROUGH IT, to Lawrence on the other side of the room.

Two way glass.

Their heads pivot toward the mirror. Adam hoists the cistern lid off the floor and heaves it at the mirror.

It shatters, revealing a hollow, bare cupboard - save for a glass shell in *the centre, guarding a camera lens.*

They gape at the lens, which whirs as it changes focus. We follow their gaze over to the lens until it fills the frame, luring us into blackness.

We emerge from a black and white monitor screen, which displays a shot of Lawrence and Adam in the bathroom. A time display in the corner of the screen reads 10:59.

We drift back from the screen, into—

INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE

Curtains shut. Impossible to tell if it's day or night. The monitor sits on an oak dining table, amongst a hive of other equipment - a laptop computer, a police scanner, a large hard drive. Cables spill out of each item like the gizzards of a slaughtered animal.

Despite the tech-mess on the table, the rest of the living room is immaculate - a spotless testament to the wealthy.

We explore the living room further. A large family portrait adorns the wall, three smiling figures staring out of it; a woman, a baby girl, and a younger-looking Lawrence.

We are in Lawrence's house.

We crane down to reveal a silhouetted figure, sitting in front of the monitor, watching Lawrence and Adam. The figure waves at them.

FIGURE

I can see you. *(beat)*
Don't look at me, I can't help you.

The time display on the monitor clicks over to 11.00.

FIGURE

Not long to go now.

We tilt up into DARKNESS.

Pull out of black into—

INT. BATHROOM

The lens stares back at the men.

ADAM

Now we're on T.V.
(beat; voice lowers)
I feel sick. I feel like a lab rat.

Adam begins hurling pieces of the mirror at the camera.

ADAM
(yelling at the camera)
Can you hear me in there, you dirty fuck? You haven't worried me in the slightest. I'm having the time of my life!

The mirror pieces bounce off the protective box harmlessly.

LAWRENCE
That's not going to do anything.

ADAM
So you just want to leave it *running*?

LAWRENCE
You won't stop it. That's why we couldn't cut *through these chains*. It's why you won't break that glass. Every possible angle has been pre-thought out by him.

ADAM
You sound like you admire this prick.

LAWRENCE
To overcome something, you have to understand what a perfect engine it is. That's how you fight disease.

ADAM
Except this time you have the disease.

LAWRENCE
(ignoring Adam)
The tape told us to find an X. That X has to be somewhere in this room. Think - where would he put it?

ADAM
Fuck thinking. Don't you wanna scream?

Lawrence turns away from Adam, concentrating. He begins scanning the roo searching for anything that looks like an X.

Adam grows frustrated.

ADAM
How can you be the calm doctor-guy when your wife and kid are out there? He could be doing anything to them right now. Are you 'thinking' about that? Huh? Your wife and daughter are—

LAWRENCE
Shut up!!

Lawrence slumps against the wall, regaining his composure.

LAWRENCE
I am thinking about that.
(beat)
I've been thinking about the last thing I said to my daughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Lace curtains lull gently, the only thing moving in a darkened living room.

It is the same living room we saw the FIGURE watching Adam and Lawrence on the monitor in. For now it is lifeless. Not a sound.

INT. CORRIDOR, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

We creep down the corridor, toward a door. A grandfather clock ticks. It reads a quarter past three.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Blades of moonlight line the angelic face of DIANA GORDON (8), as she lies in bed.

Her sleeping posture is mummy-like, facing the ceiling. Swamped by stuffed toys.

Suddenly she sits up. For a long beat she just sits there, squinting into the pitch black, far corner of her room.

Finally, she walks sluggishly out of her bedroom.

LAWRENCE
Very good. Now you can go to sleep.

DIANA
I'm still scared.

LAWRENCE
Well...think about happy things.

DIANA
What happy things?

Lawrence sees a thick book on Parisian history on her bedside table.

LAWRENCE
Think about our trip to Europe.

DIANA
That's a whole year away. I'm scared now.

She pulls the Pokemon-emblazoned quilt over her head. Lawrence ponders. He spies a big cone-shaped lamp shade above her.

He takes it off the lamp and props it on his head.

Diana pokes her head out to see Lawrence grinning dumbly at her. She giggles.

Lawrence stands up and *begins improvising; dancing and singing like a* deranged Cossack.

LAWRENCE
(singing)
This is the dance of the dunce! You'd
better watch carefully,
I'll only do it once.
You throw your legs out, *you*
jump like a clown, you nod
your head like this, And it takes
away your frown!

Diana screams with laughter. Lawrence bends over and begins slapping his behind. Then—

RIIIIING!

Lawrence's cell phone goes off in his pocket. He stops dancing and takes it out, but doesn't answer. He takes the lamp shade off his head.

DIANA
I hate that thing.

LAWRENCE
I have to go to work, sweetheart. You know what daddy's job is like.

He kisses her on the forehead and goes to the door.

LAWRENCE
We'll finish the song tomorrow.

Lawrence switches out the light, going to shut the door.

DIANA
You're not going to leave us, are you daddy?

That one stumps Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
What do you mean...? You mean leave you and mom?

Diana nods. Lawrence lets out a short laugh. Clearly shocked.

LAWRENCE
No. I would never leave you two. Ever. Who gave you that idea?

DIANA
No one.

LAWRENCE
Well it's not true. Okay?

Diana stares back at him. Is she convinced?

DIANA
Okay.

He leaves. Diana watches him go, then shuts her eyes.

DIANA
Good night mister.

Through the slight opening of the wardrobe, we see an eye -- peering through at Diana.

VOICE
(whisper)
Good night little girl.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Lawrence stares at a photo of Diana in his wallet. Adam watches him, slumped against the wall.

ADAM
How old is your daughter?

LAWRENCE
Eight years, four months and six days old.

Adam laughs.

ADAM
So you're the dad on all the coffee mugs.

LAWRENCE
I was concerned that she was becoming too yippy, like her mother.

ADAM
Yippy?

LAWRENCE
Someone who laughs at every little thing, all day long.
(beat)
I told her...that some people find that very annoying.

He chokes up as he talks. There is a long beat, then he offers the wallet out to Adam.

LAWRENCE
Would you like to see her?

Adam nods. Lawrence tosses it over. Adam sees the photo.

ADAM
She's gorgeous.

LAWRENCE
Thank you.

ADAM
Don't thank me. In a few years, some scumbag like me will be turning up on your doorstep to take her to a rave.

LAWRENCE
That scumbag will definitely need a plan B in place, just in case he has to go to the rave alone.

Adam grins.

ADAM
You going to have any more kids? You should, if you get the chance...

He trails off.

LAWRENCE
With our schedules it's difficult to concentrate on more than one.

ADAM
I was an only child. I always wanted brothers and sisters.

Adam takes in the photo of the smiling young girl.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I remember I wanted to be a vet. Really, really wanted to be a vet.
(beat)
Then I saw the grades you needed to get into it, and I pretty much knew it was a pipe dream.

LAWRENCE
What garbage. I've seen kids with brain tumours who've completed high school from a hospital bed.

ADAM
Then they got further than I did.
(beat)
Yep, I think I can safely say it's too late to become a vet.

LAWRENCE
It's never too late.

Adam points to the corpse, his brains spattered everywhere.

ADAM
Well, he's got fuck all chance of becoming a vet.

There is a beat - then Adam begins laughing. Even Lawrence can't hold it in, and he chuckles. The laughter dies down.

They stare at each other.

LAWRENCE
We are going to get out of here.

Adam nods. Looks back to the photo.

ADAM
So where's the lucky wife?

LAWRENCE
There's another photo, behind the one you're looking at, of all of us at the beach.

Adam pulls out the photo of Lawrence and Diana, glancing at the one underneath.

HIS HEART SKIPS A BEAT.

Beneath the first photo is a stark Polaroid of Diana and Alison, tied and gagged like animals, terror in their eyes.

Written beneath the photo, the words: REGARDS, JIGSAW.

LAWRENCE
It's my favorite picture, because we're all in it. Someone, usually me, has to hold the camera, which means I'm always missing from the photos.

He smiles at the memory.

Adam sees Lawrence is looking away. He hurriedly removes the Polaroid from Lawrence's wallet.

ADAM
Um...it's not here.

LAWRENCE
What do you mean?

ADAM
The picture you're talking about isn't here.

LAWRENCE
Really? Are you sure?

Adam puffs the wallet back to him and he files through it.

LAWRENCE
He must have taken it.

Adam flips the Polaroid over. Written on the back, the words: X MARKS THE SPOT. HINT: WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES, YOU SEE SPOTS.

Holding the Polaroid out of Lawrence's view, Adam reads the words.

ADAM
(low whisper)
When you close your eyes, you see spots.

LAWRENCE
Excuse me?

ADAM
Nothing. It's just...that.

He jerks his head at the camera lens.

ADAM
I don't like being watched.

The camera lens whirs.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GORDON HOUSE -- DAY

The monitor flickers, displaying Adam and Lawrence. The figure watching them arches forward in a chair, then stands up. Groaning and hunched over, the figure heads out of the room.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE -- DAY

Toys everywhere. The room is not messy, though, it is perfectly neat.

The figure enters and bends down to inspect a large dollhouse.

INT. DOLLHOUSE - DAY -- CONT'D

Two dolls sit opposite each other in the miniature bathroom. The figure peers in at them through the window.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - DAY -- CONT'D

The figure turns its attention to the wardrobe in the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence exits, the light going out, as we saw earlier.

DIANA
Good night mister.

WHISPER (O.S)
Good night, little girl.

Diana strains to see into the darkness beyond her wardrobe door, not daring to move from her bed. Her eyelids flutter closed, drifting back into sleep.

INT. HALLWAY, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Alison stands in the hall, watching Lawrence march out the front door, clutching his briefcase. He looks up at her, perplexed.

LAWRENCE

Ally, I should probably ask you why you told Diana that I was going to leave you two.

ALISON

I didn't say you were leaving us. I asked her what she would think if one day we weren't together anymore.

LAWRENCE

I think it's great that you're posing hypothetical's like that to our eight year old daughter.

ALISON

I just don't know how long I can go on like this.

LAWRENCE

I didn't know 'this' was so terrible.

ALISON

Don't walk around pretending you're happy, Lawrence.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE

I am happy.

ALISON

I'd rather you break down and tell me you hate me, at least there'd be some passion in it.

LAWRENCE

You're being ridiculous.

Alison picks up an expensive looking vase.

ALISON

Should I smash something to get a real response out of you? Start screaming? I know you'd care what the neighbors would think of that.

Lawrence puts down his briefcase, gently guiding the vase in her hand back onto the table. Makes sure it's back in the same spot.

ALISON

There's the way things look, and there's the way things are, Lawrence. Which one do you care more about?

He takes one of the artificial flowers out of the vase. Hands it to her. She smiles, despite herself.

ALISON

They're fake. I want the kind that lives and breathes.

LAWRENCE

Too messy. We don't have to water these.

Alison cocks her head in exasperation.

LAWRENCE

Alright, alright. Sorry.

Lawrence picks up his briefcase. Kisses her on the cheek.

LAWRENCE

I'll bring real ones home later. Promise.

He exits.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Diana tries to stay awake, keeping a vigilant watch over her room, but her eye's close once again.

And once again they open. This time, though--

--a TALL FIGURE is standing at the foot of her bed. The figure waves at her, its face shrouded in shadow.

INT. HALLWAY, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Alison leans against the wall in front of the closed door. Listens to Lawrence's car drive away. She turns - suddenly becoming aware that Diana is SCREAMING.

ALISON

Honey? Diana?!

She charges up the hall, bursting through Diana's bedroom door to see—

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

--Diana, silent and standing next to her bed. A figure sits in the centre of her bed, a sheet draped over itself. Alison stares at the figure under the sheet, unsure what it is.

She steps closer to her terrified daughter.

A hand shoots out from under the sheet, clamping onto Diana's shoulder.

Mother and daughter scream.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE - DAY -- PRESENT

The figure picks up a crayon drawing.

It is of a doctor, holding hands with other people. The writing on it says "My daddy is a doctor. He fixes people who are sick."

Tears fall down onto the drawing, and the figure begins howling; an agonized, pitiful shriek.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE - DAY -- PRESENT

The figure enters, still sobbing. Rifles through a chest of drawers. In one draw, woman's underwear.

The figure opens the drawer next to it, which contains neat, color co-ordinated rows of handkerchiefs. The figure takes one out, blowing its nose. Reaches under the handkerchiefs, pulling out a stethoscope. The figure looks at it, then turns around.

Sitting on the floor, are Diana and Alison. Their hands and feet are bound to the bedposts, their mouths gagged.

Their breathing shifts up a gear. The figure bends down in front of Diana. Alison barks through the gag, wriggling. The figure places the earpiece's

of the stethoscope in its ears and presses the other end against Diana' chest.

Boom-boom...boom-boom...boom-boom...

All we can hear is the pounding of Diana's heart. The figure reaches behind its back, producing a .38 revolver.

Boom-boom, boom-boom, boom-boom...

Diana's eyes widen; her chest heaving. The gun is pressed against Alison's forehead.

BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM-BA-BOOM...

The gun is cocked.

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM...

The figure lowers the gun, patting Diana on the head. Drops some crayons and paper for her. Goes to the window, staring through the open curtains, which MATCHFRAMES INTO--

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY -- CONT'D

--a video screen, displaying a grainy shot of the FIGURE, staring through the curtains, then shutting them.

We hear somebody shifting around off screen. A raspy, metallic voice is heard.

RASPY VOICE (O.S)
I can see you, little person. Who are you?

WIDER ANGLE--

-- reveals a grotty, dishevelled Tapp, squatting in front of the video screen. He swallows awkwardly, a thick scar stretching around his throat clearly visible.

The dank room around him is clogged with stacks of notebooks, papers and files, the walls plastered with newspaper articles about Jigsaw, and grainy black and white images of CRIME SCENES, BODIES, SUSPECTS. One space is devoted entirely to shots of an unaware Lawrence.

Alone, Tapp wades through the mess, whispering in a maddened stream.

TAPP
Must block out any and all extra-curricular activity and concentrate on the case at hand if I want the collar. Yes.

He finds the notepad he is searching for, scrawling entries into it furiously. He sets the notebook aside and picks up a photo of him and Sing, dressed in casual clothes with big grins on their faces.

TAPP
Going to be a proud day then. Completion.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT -- TAPP'S FLASHBACK

Tapp drives. Lawrence sits silently next to him, staring into the thick fog which engulfs the car.

LAWRENCE
I can't see a thing.

TAPP
When I drive through fog like this, all the murderers I'm looking for are two feet in front of me, but I can't see them.

Lawrence squints at something offscreen.

LAWRENCE
Here we are.

Tapp pulls the car over. Whistles in awe.

TAPP
Very nice place, doctor.

LAWRENCE
Thank you.
(beat)
Quite an amazing story that poor woman told. I am sorry I can't be of any more help with your investigation.

TAPP
I'll decide if you can be of any more help.

Lawrence opens the car door, annoyed.

TAPP
We arrested a dentist last week who liked to play with kids a bit too much. He lived two blocks from here.
(beat)

The sewer lines run under this neighbourhood too, doctor.

Lawrence gets out and shuts the door. Tapp sits in silence. Looks at the time - 9:06 pm.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT -- TAPP'S FLASHBACK

The hum of a vacuum cleaner. It's late and everyone's going home—except Tapp. He sits at his extremely cluttered desk, nose deep in a book: THE BUDDHA'S BOOK OF DAILY MEDITATIONS.

Sing turns the corner into the office, on his way out. He is surrounded by three other burly male detectives, who laugh and high five each other. Sing sees Tapp and leaves the group, standing over Tapp's desk.

SING
We're goin' to The Grill for a beer, you wanna come along?

TAPP
I don't think so, thanks anyway.

SING
Oh well, I always ask. I'll leave you to have fun here then.

Tapp holds up the book, pointing at the Buddha on the cover.

TAPP
You of all people should appreciate this.

SING
Why? Cos' my grandparents are Chinese? Football's my religion, pal.

He goes to leave, then stops and turns back.

SING
Why don't you find yourself a hobby, Tapp? Or a girlfriend? When was the last time you even got laid?

Tapp smiles, goes back to the book. Sing shrugs.

SING
Don't be one of those asshole cops who talks about the job twenty four-seven, 'kay? As a friend, I tell you that.

Sing leaves. Tapp is alone.

Tapp eventually looks up from the book, rubbing his eyes. He leans back in his chair; exhaustion is getting to him. He stares at a whiteboard in the corner, blue writing scrawled all over it. In the centre of it, in big letters, the words: JIGSAW KNOWS HIS VICTIMS.

Riiiiiing!! Riiiiiing!!

The phone on his desk snaps Tapp out of his daze. He snatches it up, on edge.

TAPP

Hello?

VOICE (MALE)
(from phone)
It's me. I got something for you.

TAPP

Go ahead.

VOICE
(from phone)
No. I wanna speak to you in person.

TAPP
Look, unless you tell me what—

VOICE
(from phone)
Jigsaw. You wanna know who Jigsaw is, right? I can tell you.

Tapp leans forward in his chair.

TAPP
Is this your idea of a joke?

VOICE
(from phone)
I'm not lyin', Tapp. Just meet me inside warehouse 128 on Dayrow street in half an hour. Then I'll tell you.

Tapp checks his watch.

TAPP
Why now? It's ten o' clock at night.

VOICE
(from phone)
You know how I live.
(beat)
Be there, with your partner, or you get nothing.

The line goes dead. Tapp hangs up, considers, then dials. It rings, answered by a pissed-off Sing.

SING
(*from phone*)
I'm going to kill you.

TAPP
I just had one of my informants call and straight out tell me he knows who Jigsaw is.

SING
(from phone)
Yeah...and?

TAPP
He wouldn't say over the phone. He wants to meet us in person...now.

SING
(from phone)
No way, I've got a wife at home who's ready to roast me as it is.
(beat)
Who's the shithead?

TAPP
He's a junkie, but he's given me reliable stuff in the past. I wouldn't pass it up.

SING
(from phone)
C'mon Tapp, it's damn near midnight.

TAPP
I'll owe you.
(beat)
You can play with your tribe tomorrow.

Sing sighs loudly.

SING
(*from phone*)
Give me the address.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT -- TAPP'S FLASHBACK CONT'D

A pitch dark warehouse. Scratching is heard, then a shaft of light swords though the dark space.

Tapp and Sing jostle inside, faces lit by flashlights.

SING
So where's your guy?

The two men separate, knee deep in a carpet of fog which rolls in from the outside *through a hole in the roof.*

Tapp goes to the wall, finding a light switch. Flicks it. Instead of electric light, a series of lanterns protruding from the fog ignite. The *cops are awestruck.*

The lanterns give light to a circle of red velvet cloaks, draped over large objects around the room.

SING
Did you tell base where we were?

Not listening, Tapp approaches the nearest cloak. Stares at it, apprehensive, then hauls it off--

--revealing a grotesque pig-mask. Rotted. Almost looks like it was made from the real thing. Flies hover over it.

They move away from it, to the second cloak, pulling it off and discovering an intricate, miniature scale model of a bathroom.

Tapp leans in close to it...inspecting. Sing's heart is in his throat.

MMMPHHH!!

They start in fright as somebody GROANS nearby.

The two cops exchange glances--Sing wants out, Tapp doesn't. He moves to the next cloak. The groaning increases in volume.

THEN THE CLOAK MOVES.

Tapp reaches out, grabs a hold of the cloak. Sing cocks his gun.

Tapp RIPS it away--

--unveiling a man, still alive and standing upright, strapped to a pole. He is wearing a rusted metal collar around his neck, which has two, foot long poles extending out of it on either side. Sitting on the end of each pole is a heavy drill device, with each of the drill points pointing inwards. He spits through a gag, his eyes pleading.

SING
What the fuck is that?

TAPP
That's him, that's my informant!

Tapp sees what is written on a piece of paper stuck to the man's chest: WELCOME TO YOUR GAME, DETECTIVE TAPP.

ZZZZCHHH!

Both of the drills SCREECH to life. They begin to slowly make their way along the pole, towards the informant's skull.

VOICE - MALE(O.S)
Now you'll make a choice.

Tapp whirls at the voice- just in time to see a DARK FIGURE step back into the shadows. He swings his gun up at it.

TAPP
Freeze! Police!

Sing turns in unison, gun out. The figure stops walking backwards, hands raised in the air.

The figure snorts. The sound is cold; sickly.

FIGURE
Exciting.

TAPP
Shut up! Get down.

The figure doesn't move. Behind them, the drills lumber closer to their target.

FIGURE
In twenty seconds, the life of the man behind you will have ended. There is only one key that can save him.

TAPP
I said get down!

SING
How do we stop it?

The figure looks at Sing.

FIGURE
The key is inside the box at his feet.

Tapp doesn't take his eyes off the figure. Sing edges over to the informant. Sees a small box near his feet.

FIGURE

His time is running out. What's more important to you, Detective Tapp - arresting the great Jigsaw? Or the life of another human?

The informant makes muffled pleas through the gag. Sing reaches down, tips out the contents of the box: dozens of identical silver keys.

SING

Jesus, what do I do?

Tapp is zoned out. He circles the figure, taking out his handcuffs.

TAPP

Get on your knees.

The figure drops to its knees.

There is a key hole on the front of the collar the informant is wearing. Sing tries one of the keys in it. No good.

Tapp moves in behind the figure.

The informant shakes his head desperately, but the collar isn't going anywhere.

Sing tries another key--again, no good. He tries another; hands shaking, desperate. The informant begs, drool seeping from his mouth.

SING

Christ, Tapp, I need help!

The drills are seconds away from meeting in the middle.

FIGURE

Aren't you going to help him, Detective Tapp? I won't be going anywhere, I'm too sick to run very *fast*.

SING

Tapp!

Drenched in sweat, Sing slots key after key into the collar -- to no avail.

Tapp claps one of the cuffs around the figure's right wrist.

FIGURE

You just ended the life of two people.

SING

TAPP!

The drills pierce flesh, the informant SCREAMING. We DO NOT SEE IT, just hear it.

Sing leaps backwards.

In that split second, the figure lets a long blade drop from its sleeve, cleaving the air with it and slicing Tapp's throat.

SING

Nooo!

Tapp falls to his knees, gripping his throat and firing into the darkness that the figure recedes into. Sing crouches next to him, whipping out his police radio.

SING

Officer down! Requesting immediate back up!

Tapp shakes his head, pointing madly after the figure, shoving Sing away.

Hesitant, Sing gets up and sprints, seeing the figure ahead. He heads up a set of stairs, into an empty freight area lined with concrete pylons. Quiet. Then--

VOICE
(from police radio)
Copy that. Please confirm address--

Sing shuts his radio off. Shaking, he trains his gun in all directions.

A flock of pigeons alight. He wheels on them.

That's when the figure BURSTS from behind a pylon and heaves into Sing with full force, knocking him down. Landing hard, Sing sees the figure disappearing into the blackness ahead.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! He fires, hearing a body drop to the floor.

Sing gets up, really trembling now, edging forward. He follows a blood trail to the start of a pitch dark corridor. Hestitates.

Suddenly -- a torch beam lights the path in front of him.

He SNAPS around - to see Tapp, on his knees at the top of the stairs, still gripping his throat and aiming his flashlight at Sing.

Sing turns back, following the light into the corridor. Brushes cobwebs from his face. Moves stealthily along the wall - until he sees it.

The trench coated figure. Lying in a heap. Did Sing get him? He inches closer to the body.

He claws though a last sheet of cobwebs - but finds he is stuck. He writhes, struggling to free himself.

SING

What the hell...?

The figure in front of him sits up, face obscured in shadow.

Yellow teeth gleam in the dark.

Sing raises his gun, but before he can fire - two huge iron petals emerge from the walls and snap shut on either side of him, sealing him inside. We hear his muffled screams from inside them. With a deafening screech, three steel arms controlling the petals then fold the iron cocoon IN HALF.

Screams. Then silence. The figure stands. *Circles Sing's metallic coffin.* Tapp tries to scream, no sound coming forth.

The figure approaches Tapp, who aims his revolver and pulls the trigger.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The figure stands over Tapp, bleeding. His breath wheezing.

FIGURE

Don't be disappointed, I'm dead anyway. The gun went off for me a long time ago.

The figure bends down behind Tapp, so that his face cannot be seen.

FIGURE

It was Dr Gordon who said it to me. He sat me down and cleared his throat and said 'I'm sorry to inform you that you have a year to live'. (beat) I'm surprised by the physical changes knowing that you are going to die brings on. Like, your vision actually improves. Your eyes aren't lazy *anymore. They don't glaze over things.* You see beauty in everything, and you see all the ugly people walking around, ungrateful to be alive. It's a wonderful clarity...but I'd give it up in a micro-second for a life without sickness.

The figure takes Tapp's hand gently.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

At the rate you're losing blood, I'd give you about half an hour to live. Your vision will slowly reduce down to a pinprick of light, then nothing.

The figure stands up.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

Now that you too a time limit on your life, I want to tell you something I know about you. You've never had sex before, have you detective? You're going to die a virgin.

The figure turns to leave. Tapp begins to pass out.

Sing's blood filled eye is visible inside the iron contraption.

It slowly shuts.

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

The clock now reads TWO THIRTY.

Lawrence glares up at it. He picks up the tape recorder, presses play and begins pacing.

VOICE
(from tape; coughing)
There are ways to win this, hidden all around you. Just remember, X marks the spot for the treasure. Find the X.

Lawrence repeats the words to himself, under his breath. Adam sits on the edge of the tub, holding the polaroid of Alison and Diana out of Lawrence's view.

LAWRENCE
We need to search this room again.

Lawrence inspects each tile on his side of the room closely, moving faster now, more desperate. He searches behind the sink.

Adam ignores, still studying the back of the polaroid: X MARKS THE SPOT. HINT: WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES, YOU SEE SPOTS.

ADAM
(to himself)
More riddles.

Lawrence turns around.

LAWRENCE
What was that?

ADAM
Nothing.

LAWRENCE

What are you doing over there?

ADAM
Listen, just because I'm stuck in this room with you doesn't mean I have to report to you every ten seconds.

LAWRENCE
I don't really see the point in us not helping each other.

ADAM
What do you expect me to do? I'm on a leash.

LAWRENCE
Exactly why we need to talk. We need to think.

ADAM
I am thinking.

LAWRENCE
Then don't keep me in the dark about it.

Adam is about to answer, when he stops. Something hits him.

ADAM
Turn off the lights.

Hesitant, Lawrence flicks off the light. We hear Adam gasp.

On the wall behind Lawrence, written in huge, GLOW-IN-THE-DARK PAINT LETTERS, the words: 'DIG HERE' shine in the dark. An arrow points to a large fluorescent 'X' below the words.

Lawrence turns, seeing the vibrant words. Stands aghast.

LAWRENCE
Why didn't we see this before?

ADAM
Because the lights in here hadn't charged it. It's glow-in-the-dark paint.

LAWRENCE
How did you...?

ADAM
Hurry up, before it fades.

Dumbfounded, Lawrence grabs the hacksaw, smashing it against the 'X', breaking tiles away to reveal a hole bored into the concrete behind it.

Lawrence switches the lights back on. Reaches into the hole, wrenching out a small box, shaped to look like a treasure chest.

The two men look at each other.

Lawrence fiddles with the lock. Won't open.

ADAM
Smash it.

Lawrence tries to. Can't. Adam grows frustrated.

ADAM
Pick it up and throw it!

Something occurs to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Wait...that key. The one *from the envelope.*

Adam finds the key on the floor, skits it over. Lawrence slides it into the lock. Turns it. CLICK.

The chest opens. Lawrence reaches in, holding up a cellular phone. Adam whoops with victory.

ADAM
The most beautiful invention on this planet.

Lawrence sets the phone aside, reaches in again, holding up five cigarettes and a lighter. Adam laughs for joy.

ADAM
Make that second most beautiful invention! Give me one of those.

LAWRENCE
Are you joking?

ADAM
Ummm...no.

LAWRENCE
You're not putting something we found in this room into your mouth.

ADAM
I'm willing to risk it.

Lawrence sets them aside, ignoring his pleas. Takes a pair of glasses out of the chest. They are his reading glasses.

He puts them on. We see there is only a folded up piece of paper left inside the chest. 'SHHH, DOCTOR' is written on it.

Adam chews his nails, eyes glued to the cigarettes.

ADAM
I don't care, I really don't. I need one.

Lawrence unfurls the piece of paper. Reads it to himself.

LAWRENCE (V.O)
(reading from note)
"The cigarettes are harmless, I promise. Smoking is only poisonous when it ends in bloodshed. Think about this - you don't need a gun to kill Adam."

He folds the note up again. Adam is really agitated now.

ADAM
May I please have one, doctor?

Lawrence picks up the phone, hits 911.

LAWRENCE
I'm trying the police.

The phone pips loudly, 'CALL FAILED' appearing on the screen.

He tries again. And again. Tries a different number. Same result.

LAWRENCE
It was meant to receive calls, not make them.

Lawrence furrows his brow, glaring at the phone.

LAWRENCE
This has happened before...

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence is in his BMW. He sighs, closing his black diary and studying his reflection in the rear view mirror.

He smashes the steering wheel with his fists. Suddenly his body goes rigid in pain. He rubs the back of his neck, shaking it off.

He starts the car, steering slowly through the pillars up to an electronic gate.

He rolls down the window, feeding a parking stub into the ticket machine. The machine spits the ticket back out. He tries again - same result.

Angered, he steps out of the car and marches up to the ticket booth. He pounds on the glass, but no one appears.

He scans around for someone. Sees no one. He turns back to the booth, SEEING—

--a security monitor, displaying a front-on shot of his BMW. In it, he can clearly see a dark figure lying across the backseat of his car.

He whirls on the car, terrified. Unsure of what to do, he takes out his cell phone. He dials a number. 'CALL FAILED' appears on the screen.

As he glances back at the booth, he catches sight of something reflected *in the glass. Something protruding from* his upper back.

A syringe.

Horrified, he bends his arm to reach it, suddenly feeling woozy.

LAWRENCE

My God...

He turns, running desperately.

Behind him, the back door of his BMW opens and a dark figure steps out. The dark figure gets on it's hands and knees and begins crawling towards Lawrence.

LAWRENCE'S P.O.V: Sprinting through the garage. The walls begin to pulsate, the lights dimming.

The dark figure crawls slowly behind, giggling insanely.

Lawrence's steps become drunken, wayward lopes. Through blurred vision, he can make out the exit door.

Lawrence's pace gets slower with each step, like he were running in a dream. He slumps to the ground, rolling onto his back.

As everything fades to black, the last thing Lawrence sees is the face of a pig man, peering into his eyes.

Waving at him.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Real fear is visible on Lawrence's face.

LAWRENCE

That...thing. It was waiting for me.

He holds the treasure chest in his hands. Drills Adam.

LAWRENCE
How did you know to turn off the lights?

ADAM
Who cares? It worked.

LAWRENCE
How did you know?

ADAM
Instinct.

LAWRENCE
You're a terrible liar.

ADAM
You say that like you know me. You don't.

LAWRENCE
What else aren't you telling me?

ADAM
Well, um, let's see. On my sixth birthday, Scott Tibbs, my best friend at the time, stabbed me with a rusty nail. I didn't tell you about that. I didn't tell you that my last girlfriend, who was a feminist vegan punk, broke up with me because she thought I was too angry. I haven't told you that one of my toenails--

LAWRENCE
Stop it! You knew to turn off these lights.

ADAM
Whatever. Think what you like.

LAWRENCE
I think I'm dealing with a juvenile who's more stupid than he looks.

The interrogation becomes too much for Adam. A ball of fury, he hurls over the polaroid of Diana and Alison.

ADAM
You wanna know? Here!

Lawrence picks up the polaroid; his eyes bore into it. He crumples to the floor. A long moment passes.

LAWRENCE
Why? Why wouldn't you show me this?

ADAM
I...I couldn't.

A fluorescent tube overhead flickers and dies. Lawrence's voice is barely a whisper. It is broken - CHANGED.

LAWRENCE
They need me.

He looks up at the room around him. Swallowing bile, he addresses the camera.

LAWRENCE
What are you doing to them, you bastard?

He covers his face with his hands.

Lawrence doesn't move. The room is eerily silent for a time.

ADAM
I just wanted to get us out of here.

Upon hearing that, Lawrence slowly removes his hands. Unfolds the note left for him.

The words written on it echo in his head: "Smoking is only poisonous when it ends in bloodshed. Think about this - you don't need a gun to kill Adam."

He looks down at the floor near his feet. At the rivulets of blood which have dribbled from the corpse in the middle of the room over to him.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - EARLIER -- FLASHBACK

Back to the start. Chilling instructions fill the room from the tape recorder.

VOICE
(from tape)
...there is a man in the room with you. When there is that much poison in your blood, the only thing left to do is kill yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Lawrence holds the cigarettes in his palm. Eyes switching between them and the blood on the floor.

He sees Adam is avoiding his gaze. He slyly dips one of the cigarette butts into the blood. Studies it.

Studies Adam. Mind ticking.

LAWRENCE
Do you really want to die?

Adam meets Lawrence's eye, confused. Lawrence picks up the tape recorder, waving it at him.

LAWRENCE
That voice on your tape, it said "many days you have wanted to die". What did that mean?

ADAM
It means whoever did this to us has obviously been watching me on many days.

LAWRENCE
Why did you want to die?

Adam hesitates - should he be revealing this much to Lawrence?

ADAM
The same reason everyone else wants to die. Because it's preferable to living.

LAWRENCE
Death is not an alternative version of life. You are either alive, or you are nothing.

ADAM
Yeah well, I'm alive AND I'm nothing.

A long beat. Lawrence looks at the cigarette, then up at the clock --TEN PAST TWO.

He begins mouthing words at Adam silently.

ADAM
What? Speak up.

Lawrence rolls his eyes in the direction of the camera, putting a finger over his lips.

ADAM
(mouthed; silent)
I can't understand you.

Exasperated, Lawrence's eyes fall on a thin pipe which runs out of the floor, across the ceiling and over to Adam's side of the room.

Lawrence flicks the lightswitch off, plunging them into blackness.

ADAM (V.O)
What are you doing?

LAWRENCE (V.O)
I want you to do exactly as I do.

The lighter sparks to life, its tiny plume of flame giving off little visibility. Lawrence picks up the hacksaw, starts cutting through the thin pipe.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY -- GORDON HOUSEHOLD

The figure squints at the darkened monitor screen, hearing Lawrence's hacksaw screeching away. Leans closer.

INT. BATHROOM

With one last jerk, Lawrence severs the thin pipe in half. He pulls one end toward himself, placing his mouth over it.

He switches the light back on, throwing the lighter and hacksaw over to Adam, who points slyly at the thin pipe on his side of the room. This one? Lawrence nods, then switches the light out again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY -- GORDON HOUSEHOLD

The figure sees the monitor go black again.

INT. BATHROOM

Adam cuts through the thin pipe, brackets on the ceiling keeping it in place. He holds the lighter up, but cannot make out Lawrence.

ADAM
Now what?

A muffled voice slithers out of the dark, seemingly coming from the thin pipe. Adam presses his ear against it.

LAWRENCE (O.S)
(from pipe)
Can you hear me? Adam?

Adam presses his mouth against his end of the pipe.

ADAM
Only just.

LAWRENCE (O.S)
Listen carefully - I need you to fake your death.

ADAM
(too loud)
What?!

LAWRENCE (O.S)
Shhh! I'm going to give you a cigarette, then you will inhale a few times and then pretend to die. As if the cigarette was poisoned. Do you follow? Say yes if you do.

ADAM
Uh...yeah.

LAWRENCE (O.S)
This could be our way out.

The lights come back on, a few of the tubes sizzling and dying, leaving the bathroom darker.

LAWRENCE
Still want a cigarette?

Adam seems unsure of how to go along with the scheme.

ADAM
Yeah, of course.

Lawrence tosses it over. Adam lights it, takes a few puffs.

A tense beat. Lawrence glares at Adam, giving him a telepathic shove. Adam *inhales deeply, then coughs, choking. His hand flies to his throat,* dropping the cigarette. His eyes bulge, his body convulsing. He slumps to the floor, relaxing and gasping out one last, dramatic breath. Still.

LAWRENCE
(to camera lens)
There, I've done it.

No answer. Lawrence pounds on the heavy door.

LAWRENCE
I murdered him with the poison, just like you wanted. Now where is my family?

The room is silent; two corpses and a doctor. All of a sudden Adam's back arches upwards violently, his eyes rolling back in his head. He spits and *flails, the veins bulging in his neck.*

Lawrence eyes him in horror.

Adam SCREAMS, his body RIGID - then abruptly limp. He SUCKS air into his lungs, trembling.

LAWRENCE
So much for being dead.

ADAM
I think I just got electrocuted!

LAWRENCE
That was our way out of here.

ADAM
Did you hear what I said?

He claws at his foot clamp.

ADAM
Get this thing off me! Get it off!

LAWRENCE
Stop acting.

ADAM
You think I would make this up, just to mess up your stupid little fucking game?

Lawrence is unable to totally believe or disbelieve.

LAWRENCE
I am ending this right now. Give me that hacksaw.

Adam hurls it over. Lawrence resumes the attempt at sawing his foot chain in half. The chain won't hold still. Impossible to cut.

LAWRENCE
Damn it!

Lawrence slams the wall.

ADAM
Oh shit...

LAWRENCE
What? What is it?

Adam's eyes are filled with fear.

ADAM
It's all come back to me. I remember everything now...

CUT TO::

INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

We are outside Adam's apartment again. Adam gently strokes the face of the stray cat.

Behind him, we see a dark figure creep silently into his apartment, through the open door.

Adam leaves a carton of milk for the stray cat and goes inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Dark. Cramped. Messy. The walls are covered in protest flyers and band posters. A large portrait of Che Guevera takes up one wall.

Adam presses play on his blinking answering machine. He opens a door opposite, stepping into—

INT. BATHROOM, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

More mess. Adam switches on a red lamp, giving light to rows and rows of photos, criss-crossing each other on strings. He unslings the camera from his shoulder, removes the film from it. Begins pouring out chemicals to process it.

The machine beeps behind him, playing the message.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(from answering machine)
Adam, are you there? Please pick up if you're there.
(beat)
Your fathers not angry anymore. We just want to know if you're alright.

Adam keeps busy, dipping several prints into a sink filled with developing solution.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(from answering machine)
Please call, honey....goodbye.

Adam looks up. He writes himself a note - CALL MOM. Looks at it. Adds a question mark to it - CALL MOM?

He looks down at his freshly developed photos. Pictures of a man, dressed in a suit, carrying a briefcase.

It looks a lot like Lawrence.

Adam sits down, resting by the sink...falling asleep.

INT. BATHROOM, ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATER -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

A noise startles him awake. The red light is out. He tries to see what time it is, but the room is in pitch darkness.

Clambering to his feet, he trips through the dark bathroom, going to the light switch and flicking it on.

Nothing.

Another noise, a clatter. Adam gropes forward, and picks up his camera. He pushes the bathroom door open.

INT. KITCHEN, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Adam stumbles out of the bathroom, squinting into blackness. He holds up his camera, letting the flash go off. For a split-second it lights up the room, showing an empty kitchen.

He winds the camera. The flash takes awhile to recharge.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Adam blindly shuffles into the living room. Depresses the trigger again. The flash lights up the room, and again it is empty.

CRASH!

Adam whips around at the direction of the sound. It came from the bedroom.

ADAM (V.O)
Someone there?

INT. BEDROOM, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Adam edges his way into the bedroom.

The flash goes off--

--lighting up a messy, but empty bedroom.

Another sound. It's coming from inside the wardrobe.

Adam reaches out with a cautious hand, groping blindly for the wardrobe handle. He yanks the door open.

Adam can hear muffled breathing--so close it could be right in front of his face.

ADAM (V.O)
Who's there?!

Adam winds the camera again. The flash charging back up. He fires the camera--

--illuminating a lightning-quick vision of Hell personified. A figure is standing directly before Adam; a garish red suit draped over its body, a grotesque pig-mask on its face.

Then darkness again. Adam cannot scream, simply chokes. We hear him being shoved to the ground. The flash goes off again, blinding us and transposing into--

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

--the white tiled tomb. Adam looks petrified by the memory. Lawrence looks just as unsettled.

Riiiiiiinnng! Riiiiiinng!

They both jump out of their skin as the phone goes off. Lawrence eventually pushes 'ANSWER'.

Laboured breathing on the other end.

LAWRENCE
Who is this?

DIANA (V.O)
(from phone)
Daddy?

A bolt of shock surges through Lawrence.

DIANA (V.O)
(from phone)
Daddy? Is that you?

LAWRENCE
I'm here Diana, where are you? Where's mom?

DIANA (V.O)
Here with me.

LAWRENCE
Is she okay? Talk to me, Diana. Tell me if you're alright.

DIANA (V.O)
Where were you last night, daddy?

LAWRENCE
Diana, please, are you and mom alright?

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE -- DAY

The dark figure stands over Diana, holding a phone to her ear.

DIANA
The bad man from my room is here. He tied us up and...

She begins to sob.

DIANA
...he has a gun.

LAWRENCE (V.O)
(from phone)
What man?

The figure presses the phone against Alison's ear, holding up a note to read from.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Breathing on the phone.

LAWRENCE
Hello? Diana? DIANA?!

ALISON (V.O)
Lawrence? Is Adam there?

Lawrence glances up at Adam.

LAWRENCE
How do you...? Alison, for Christ's sake, where are you?

ALISON (V.O)
I'm at our home.
(beat)
Don't believe Adam's lies, Lawrence. He knows you. He knew all about you, before today.

The line goes dead.

LAWRENCE
Hello? Hello? God damn you, you...*If you so much* as lay a finger on them, I'll murder you! Do you hear me?

ADAM
Are they okay?

Panicked and confused, Lawrence tries to comprehend just that.

LAWRENCE
My wife, she mentioned your name.

ADAM
What did she say?

LAWRENCE
She told me not to believe you.

ADAM
Believe me about what?

LAWRENCE
She said that you know me.

That one stops Adam dead.

LAWRENCE
Who are you?

ADAM
You know who I am.

LAWRENCE
Do I?

Lawrence grips his temples like a fierce migraine has just struck him, his voice reaching fever pitch.

LAWRENCE

I NEED TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON! Stop all the lies. You're a liar. A liar. A LIAR!

ADAM
I'm a liar? What did you do last night, Lawrence? Work at the hospital was it? Save sick children? No.

Lawrence looks up at Adam.

ADAM
You said that after you left your house last night, you went to work at a hospital.

LAWRENCE
That's because it's the truth.

ADAM
No, it's not.

Lawrence is dumbstruck.

ADAM
Your wife is right.
(beat)
Don't you remember me, Lawrence? You looked right at me.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence is heading speedily for his BMW, as we saw previously.

Then, from behind one of the pillars, Adam appears, taking a long lens 35mm camera out from under his jacket. Lawrence continues on his way and Adam aims the camera at him. He depresses the trigger, the flash going off, then ducks back behind the pillar.

ADAM (V.O)
I took that picture in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Adam snatches the plastic bag the hacksaws came in out of the bathtub, fishing a set of photos out of it and holding them up for Lawrence. He indicates one, of Lawrence in the car park.

ADAM

I have the evidence to prove that you didn't go anywhere near a hospital last night.

He shuffles through them; shots of Lawrence, alone, unaware.

ADAM
What you did do last night, was visit a lady friend.

Lawrence gapes at the pictures, disbelieving.

LAWRENCE
Why were you...TAKING PICTURES OF ME?

ADAM
Why else? Somebody paid me to do it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Adam focuses the lens on his camera at something.

In the reflection of his camera lens, we see Lawrence exiting his house.

ADAM (V.O)
I went to your house...

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Lawrence pulls up in his BMW, shutting off the engine. He climbs out and checks himself in the reflection of the side window, before heading towards the exit door.

ADAM (V.O-CONT'D)
...I tailed you in my car...

Another car entering the parking lot glides past him. Lawrence doesn't see the driver; it's Adam.

INT. CORRIDOR, HOTEL - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

Dirty. The decay of little or no maintenance eats at the walls. A hanging light flickers, moths dancing around it.

Lawrence paces up the hall, head down, stopping at room 17. He looks behind him, then knocks.

ADAM (V.O-CONT'D)
...and I followed you to that shitbag hotel.

Over Lawrence's shoulder, we see a figure appear at the end of the corridor.

CLOSE ON the figure - we see it is Adam. He aims his camera at Lawrence, as he waits outside the door. He clicks off a shot. The door opens and Lawrence steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Lawrence has gone so white he blends into the wall.

LAWRENCE
You've had those with you the whole time?

ADAM
I found them in the toilet with the hacksaws. I don't know how they got there.

LAWRENCE
More lies.

ADAM
Face it, Larry, we're both bullshitters - but my camera isn't. It doesn't know how to lie. It only shows you what's put right in front of it.

Guilt weighs in on Lawrence's face.

ADAM
Just out of curiosity, what did you do in that hotel room? You got out of there pretty fast.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

There is a knock at the door. A figure opens it slightly, then walks away. Lawrence steps in. Places his briefcase on the table.

LAWRENCE
Why did you deem it necessary to call me when you knew I was at home?

VOICE (FEMALE, O.S)
I didn't know if you were going to make it.

Lawrence removes his jacket and sits down on a chair, seeing—

--the pretty RED HAIRED student doctor we saw earlier. She sits up on the bed, visibly nervous. Her name is Carla (26).

LAWRENCE

I gave you a precise time at which to call, Carla.

CARLA

I promise I will from now on. I just wanted to make sure you were coming. I missed you.

She unbuttons her blouse, but when she speaks, it's awkward, not sexy.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Did you miss me?

Lawrence turns away, says nothing. Carla looks worried.

CARLA

You're not leaving me, are you?

That one registers. Lawrence studies her for a long beat.

He takes his black diary out of the briefcase, flipping it open to a page with a detailed list written on it: 7.00 AM - GYM, 9.00 AM - BREAKFAST: 1 GLASS OF GRAPE JUICE, and so on. All of the items on the list are crossed out, except the last -- 10.00 PM - VISIT CARLA.

CARLA

Doctor Gordon, what's wrong?

LAWRENCE

I am. I'm wrong. You are one of the most talented young doctors I've ever seen.

Carla smiles sheepishly.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here, in this dirty hotel room. I was wrong to make you come here. I was wrong to start...this...with you.

Carla looks confused, hurt.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I think you should leave before I become weak again. This is all my fault.

CARLA

But—

LAWRENCE

Please. The quicker you forget about me the better. I'm sorry.

Lawrence and Carla face each other. Silent goodbyes.

RIIIIIIIING!!!

Their heads SNAP around as the room phone goes off in the corner. Lawrence turns to Carla, suspicious.

CARLA

It's not for me.

Lawrence moves toward the phone. Picks it up like it was a movement triggered bomb.

The distorted voice we have been hearing on Jigsaw's tapes breathes hoarsely on the the other end of the line.

VOICE
(from phone)

What sort of ignorance does it take to give people the news that they are going to die every day of your working life, and yet go on living your own life in such a corrupt, dead way?

Terror spreads through Lawrence like a typhoon.

VOICE
(cont'd - from phone)

You know, I have a nickname for you, doctor. I call you the Bad News Bear. Now, though, it's me who's got bad news for you - I know what you're doing.

The phone line goes dead.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Hurried footsteps echo, as Lawrence rushes back toward his car, as we saw earlier. He looks flustered, edgy. Not himself at all.

A camera flash explodes behind him, turning the whole frame WHITE and bringing us back to--

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Lawrence glares, questions clouding his mind like locusts.

LAWRENCE
Who was it? Who paid you to follow me?

ADAM
I don't know. He called himself Bob and he gave me the money up front, so Bob it was. Two hundred bucks for one nights work.
(beat)
If I'd known I was gonna end up here, I would've asked for a shitload more.

LAWRENCE
What does this mean? Does this mean you saw me-

ADAM
What I saw was you get into your car and drive away. That's it. I don't know how you got here, I don't know how I got here. I just took the shots...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Adam is in his makeshift darkroom, as seen earlier.

ADAM (V.O)
...and went straight home to develop them.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATER -- FLASHBACK CONT'D

RAPID images of the pigman, forcing Adam to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - PRESENT

Adam lowers the photo's, gesturing to the walls around him.

ADAM

The next thing I know, I'm chained to a pipe in an ancient toilet, staring at the guy I've been taking shots of all night.

LAWRENCE
So whoever paid you to take the pictures is the one who put us here?

ADAM
Maybe.

LAWRENCE
What did he look like?

ADAM
I don't know...he was just a guy.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

A figure, shrouded in shadow, stands behind Adam in his living room. The figure reaches into its pocket, pulling out a wad of cash.

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Crazed, Lawrence continues his grilling.

LAWRENCE
How tall was he? Was he obese? Skinny?

ADAM
I wasn't taking notes about his appearance.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

The figure steps closer to Adam, into the light.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Adam strains to remember, frustrated.

LAWRENCE
You must remember something about him!

ADAM
I can't.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

The figure steps completely into the light, slapping the cash down in front of Adam.

It is Detective Tapp, the scar around his throat glistening.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

The memory of Tapp's face hits Adam.

ADAM
His neck.
(beat)
It looked like it had been...cut. He had this scar, all the way around.

Adam runs his finger along his throat. Lawrence lights up.

LAWRENCE
Tapp! Detective Tapp. I knew it.

ADAM
Hold on, hold on - the guy who paid me to take these photos was NOT a cop

LAWRENCE
He was discharged from the police, broke down after his partner was killed. But that--(MORE)
LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
stop him harrassing me. He became obsessed with Jigsaw - convinced himself I must have been involved somehow.

Lawrence contorts with rage.

LAWRENCE
And you helped him. You took money from him to invade my privacy. How could you do that?

ADAM
Call it my need to eat.

LAWRENCE
You're not a victim of this game, Adam - you're a part of it.

ADAM
That's rich, 'cos obviously this cop thinks you're the one behind it all.

LAWRENCE
I told you, he isn't a member of the police anymore, he's a gutter feeder. Just like you.

ADAM
What are you so pissed off about? The fact I took some shots of you, or the fact I took some shots of you while you were cheating on your wife?

LAWRENCE
I DID NOT...

He can't even say it.

ADAM
Why do you care what I think anyway? I don't give a crap if you covered yourself in peanut butter and had a fifteen hooker gang-bang.

LAWRENCE
Then why hide them from me all this time?

For the first time, Adam looks like the boy he is.

ADAM
Because...I didn't know you. I didn't know what you would do.

Lawrence collapses, tears running out of his face - deep and painful.

LAWRENCE
How did I get here? I had everything in perfect order. My whole life was in order.

He stares at the polaroid of Alison and Diana; their terror stricken faces staring back.

LAWRENCE
My wife. My beautiful wife.
(beat) I was always in awe of her ability to give a damn about other people.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE -- DAY

Alison and Diana sit silently as the figure re-adjusts their gags, fitting *Alison's on sloppily. The figure ruffles Diana's hair and exits.*

Alison watches the figure go, then shakes her head furiously. The gag comes free and she spits it out.

ALISON
Are you alright?

Diana nods, tears in her eyes.

ALISON
Stay calm. We'll be okay. Can you get your hands free?

Diana shakes her head, tears falling.

ALISON
Diana, please calm down.

The tears keep coming.

ALISON
Look at me. Listen to what I say.

Diana stares into her eyes.

ALISON
We are going to be alright. No if's, but's or maybe's. I promise you that, but I need you to be strong. Can you do that?

Diana's tears dry up. She nods.

ALISON
I love you.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence is sunken, broken. Sits with his head between his knees. Adam examines his photos. Squinting.

ADAM
There's someone here.

Lawrence doesn't look up.

ADAM
Hey! There was someone at your house last night.

Lawrence raises his head, curious. Adam folds up one of his photo's into an expert paper plane, sailing it over.

Lawrence unfurls it. It is a picture of Lawrence exiting his house. Another figure, a skinny man, lurks unseen off to one side. Lawrence puts his glasses on, looks closer.

ADAM
I didn't see it before.

A sledgehammer of realization hits Lawrence. He stiffens up.

LAWRENCE
My God, I know him.

He gazes off, searching his memory.

CUT TO:

INT. NEUROSCIENCE WARD, HOSPITAL - DAY -- FLASHBACK

As we saw earlier, Lawrence is standing in front of a group of student doctors, including CARLA.

ZEP HINDLE (32), shuffles past, pushing a trolley. He stops and listens to Lawrence's speech.

LAWRENCE
This patient has an inoperable front of brain tumour. It is metastatic and started as a colorectal cancer. The patient came in for the insertion of a port, and had an adverse reaction to the anaesthetic—

ZEP
His name's John, Doctor Gordon. He's a real interesting person. He's an artist, see.

LAWRENCE
(blank faced)
Why thank you for that information, Zep.

Zep ambles away. Lawrence watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Zep's face stares back at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

(to Zep in the photo)
You perverted psychopath. I'm going to take pleasure in seeing you pay for this.

ADAM
Fuck!

LAWRENCE
What?

He points up at the clock.

ADAM
Look.

Lawrence looks up at it. The hour hand on the clock's face strikes FOUR, like a chord of doom strummed by death itself.

They are OUT OF TIME.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSEHOLD

Alison bites at the rope which binds her wrists to the bedpost.

Finally, she gets through it, freeing her bloodied hands. She rips Diana's gag out of her mouth.

DIANA
Don't leave me here!

ALISON
I'm not going to leave you here, honey.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Riiiiiiing!

Their heads whip up as the phone rings again. Lawrence answers.

LAWRENCE
What do you want?

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSEHOLD

Alison attempts to rend Diana's hands free.

Footsteps in the hall. Approaching the door.

ALISON
Damn...

DIANA
Mommy please, take mine off too.

ALISON
Quiet, I need you to be quiet.

Alison scrambles for an answer, before placing the gag back into Diana's mouth, then putting her own back in, as if nothing had happened.

The door opens. The figure enters, bending down into the light. Finally we see that the weedy form of the FIGURE.

It is Zep. He studies them, like a teacher with naughty pupils.

ZEP
Doctor Gordon's time is up. Now I gotta do what I gotta do. But before I go, I'm afraid it has to be you who calls and tells him he has failed.

He slowly offers her the phone, pressing it against her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence listens, hearing nothing.

ALISON
(from phone)
Lawrence?

LAWRENCE
Yes?

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSEHOLD

A tear falls down Diana's cheek.

Alison's breathing grows heavy. She look up at Zep with pure hatred.

ALISON

You've failed.

With that, Alison EXPLODES. She spits the gag out, smacking Zep in the face and wrenching the gun out of his hand. She belts him over the head with it, standing over him.

ALISON

Don't move a muscle! Lay on the floor!

Zep does so, shaking with fear. Alison motions at Diana's bound wrists.

ALISON

Take that off her, now. You've got three seconds.

Zep leans in close to Diana, getting a belt over the head with the gun.

ALISON

Do it from there.

A voice can be heard yelling from the phone. Alison snatches it up.

LAWRENCE
(from phone)

Hello? Hello?

ALISON

Lawrence, is that you?

LAWRENCE
(from phone)

Ally, what is happening?! Are you OK?

ALISON

Someone had us tied up, but we've got him now. I'm going to call the police.

LAWRENCE
(from phone)

Who? Was it?

ALISON

I've never seen him before. A little man with a big birthmark on his face.

LAWRENCE
(from phone)

His name is Zep. Zep Hindle.

ALISON

You know him? What's this about, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

(from phone)
Listen, Alison...I want to say something to you. I have to. I want to say--

ALISON
Wait...

She casts the phone aside, pressing the gun against Zep's temple.

ALISON
You get that rope off her, now or you're dead, I swear it.

Reluctantly, Zep releases Diana from her bindings.

A scream is heard, coming from the phone. It's Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
(from phone)
Alison!

Alison turns her head for a split second. Zep strikes.

He leaps up, smashing Alison into the corner. He lopes onto her. She fights back, hurling objects at him. She manages to get up, picking up a chair and sending it through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE -- DAY

Tapp sits bolt up right, riveted to his monitor screen.

On it, he sees the chair go through the window of the Gordon house--spraying shards of glass everywhere.

Surrounded by photos of Lawrence, Tapp bounds away from the screen, towards the door. Loads his gun as he does.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, GORDON HOUSE -- DAY

Zep forces Alison to the floor, wrenches the gun from her hand.

He aims it at her head. Diana screams. Traumatised by the child's cries, Zep tries to calm her with his hands. He guides her to the floor next to *Alison. Towers over them both.*

Only Lawrence can be heard, tiny shouts coming through the phone. Zep snatches it off the floor.

ZEP
Doctor Gordon, your wife did a bad thing.

Lawrence's screams ring out through the phone, but Zep cuts him off, tossing the phone aside.

CRASH!! Zep WHIRLS as a noise echoes through the house.

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence still has the phone to his ear. The line is dead and he know is.

LAWRENCE
I love you Alison. I have always been happy with you, always.

Desperate, he shakes the phone madly.

LAWRENCE
NOOOO!!

SUDDENLY -- Lawrence stiffens up, features contorted in agony, his back arched. His body tremors violently, spittle spraying from the corner of his mouth, eyes bulging. The phone goes flying across the room, landing in the corner.

ADAM
Lawrence! What's wrong?

His body loosens abruptly, and he collapses to the floor.

Still.

ADAM
Say something!

He lies there in a heap, fingers twitching.

ADAM
Lawrence! Please, get up. I need you to get us out *of here! I need you.*

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - GORDON HOUSEHOLD

Monitors flicker in the dark. Tapp creeps past one of them.

He holds his gun out in front of him. Turns a corner, like a trained cop does, into--

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONT'D

--the empty hall. Grandfather clock omnipresent. Ticking.

Tapp gropes along the wall.

He stops, listening. Breathing. Quivering, clear breaths. He cocks the gun, stepping toward a door, slightly open. The breaths get louder. Tapp gently pushes the door.

The breathing stops.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM -- CONT'D

Tapp steps inside the darkened room. Crouches down next to a dollhouse on a table. Turns toward the wardrobe.

He does not see the figure rise in front of the window, silhouetted.

Then he does. He whips around, gun out.

TAPP
Freeze!

He reaches back and switches on the light, seeing--

Alison and Diana, huddled together. Eyes wide with fear. Tapp breathes a sigh of relief -- then turns.

Staring at him through the windows of the dollhouse are two bloodshot eyes.

Tapp recoils as the dollhouse is thrown at him, revealing Zep. He leaps out under it, slamming him back. Tapp stares at him for a second.

TAPP
Case closed.

He snarls, charging at Zep and pinning him down.

Alison and Diana sprint from the room, as Tapp and Zep roll into the middle of the floor. Tapp struggles to get his gun under Zep's chin.

Zep counters, smashing a toy train against Tapp's head, knocking him out. Zep heaves him off. He takes Tapp's gun, limping from the room--

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONT'D

--where he scans around for Alison and Diana. He flings every door open, searching high and low. Wails in frustration.

They're gone.

INT. BATHROOM

Adam hurls mirror shards at Lawrence, lying still.

ADAM
Get up!

One of the shards connects with Lawrence's skull, and he explodes awake. Looks around, frightened.

ADAM
Thank God. I thought you had a heart attack.

Lawrence isn't looking at Adam when he speaks. Spits the words out. Something has changed in him. He looks like an animal.

LAWRENCE
Electricity. He electrocuted me. Nearly killed me.

ADAM
The same thing happened to me, I told you. I *wasn't lying, see?*

Lawrence stands up. Looks at the clock - ten minutes to go.

LAWRENCE
Alison! I'm coming to get you!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, GORDON HOUSEHOLD

Zep frantically rips all his gear apart. Monitors. Radio equipment. Everything.

He pockets the gun and heads to a door, stepping into—

INT. GARAGE -- CONT'D

The neat space of Lawrence's garage. A beat up old Ford sits next to Lawrence's BMW. Zep jumps into the drivers seat of the Ford, points a device at the garage door. We hear the door opening, light spilling onto Zep's face. We do not see outside.

He steers the car out of the garage, not seeing Tapp enter, limping. He smashes the window on Lawrence's BMW, flinging open the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Riiiiing!

The phone rings in the corner of the room, far out of their grasp. Lawrence is like a caged animal.

LAWRENCE
I can't get to it. That's my family calling and I can't help them.

ADAM
Lawrence, calm down. There must be a way out of this.

LAWRENCE
Shut up, just shut up. The time for talk is over. I have to protect my family.

The shrill tones of the phone increase in volume.

LAWRENCE
Oh God, what is he doing to them?

CUT TO:

INT. ZEP'S CAR - MOVING -- DUSK

The lights of an underground tunnel swoop past Zep's windows, as he swerves shakily from lane to lane. Checks his watch.

INT. HALLWAY, NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE

Alison paces frantically with the cell phone in her hand. It rings with no answer. A family of Indian descent circle around Diana, comforting her. We are in their house.

The father of the house comes running down the hall.

FATHER
I've called the police.

Alison hangs up the phone. Diana runs to her and they embrace, Alison squeezing her for dear life.

ALISON
I love you, I love you, I love you. Do you know how much I love you?

DIANA
I do now.

Through the tears, Alison laughs her loud, unique laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. TAPP'S CAR - MOVING -- DUSK

Tapp tears wildly through the fog-shrouded night in Lawrence's BMW, stomping on the gas. Ahead, he can just make out Zep's car.

TAPP
I knew you'd come back for the doctor. I knew it. I've got you now, you bastard.

He cackles with laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

The phone stops ringing. Lawrence begins literally ripping his hair out.

ADAM
This is not the answer. It's not. Don't you think I want to live too, Lawrence? I have a family. I don't see them, but that's my mistake.
(beat)
It's a mistake I'd like to fix.

Lawrence cannot hear him.

LAWRENCE
Help me out of here, oh lord. Please God. Guide me out that door.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK HOUSE

A front door.

It groans open, light flooding in. Zep enters through it into the hall; he is in great pain, face drooping in agony. He shuts the door, lurches awkwardly down the corridor.

We stay on the door. It's lock jiggles, Tapp forcing it open. Pokes his head in, moves forward. Wounded.

INT. CORRIDOR, DARK HOUSE -- CONT'D

Tapp skulks up through the shadows of the hall, gun out like a guiding stick. He spins through a doorway into -

INT. KITCHEN, DARK HOUSE -- CONT'D

--pots and pans everywhere. Your standard suburban kitchen.

INT. LOUNGEROOM, DARK HOUSE -- CONT'D

No sign of Zep here either.

A door slams shut. Tapp whirls around and heads in the direction of the *study*.

INT. STUDY, DARK HOUSE -- CONT'D

The door creaks open and Tapp cautiously enters, his gun out before him.

You guessed it -- Zep is nowhere in sight. Tapp wheels in all directions - up, down, everywhere.

Listening, he can hear faint footsteps. He turns to leave - THEN STOPS DEAD.

He pivots back, staring at the far wall of the study. Solid brick. There is something odd about it.

He edges toward it. Hands out. Closer. Then it happens.

His hand seems to go THROUGH the wall. Because it's an illusion - the wall is not flat, it has a doorway leading into a brick corridor. Tapp gapes down at more steps. He scurries down them, spilling out into—

INT. SEWER -- CONT'D

--the filth soaked tunnels where it all began.

Tapp spots Zep, limping away, disappearing around a corner.

He gives chase.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

The clock ticks. Lawrence wails gibberish. Adam's pleas can barely be heard over the din.

ADAM
Stop it Lawrence! Stop it! You have a reason to get out of here, to pull yourself together. We're going to catch this guy.

LAWRENCE
I have to do it. I'll just have to.

ADAM
It doesn't matter how far down the pit we seem, there is ALWAYS, always hope. You told me that.

But Lawrence is numb. He snatches up the hacksaw, crouching down and lifting his trouser leg. Exposes his white, office-worker flesh. Presses the blade against it, hard enough to draw blood.

ADAM
Lawrence, what are you doing?

INT. SEWER

Tapp huffs along the wall.

TAPP
I'm right behind you!

He unloads his gun at Zep, bullets ricocheting off the walls. Slams in another clip and shoots again, the gunfire roaring with reverberation in the tunnels.

Zep spins, returning the shots. Keeps moving, legs getting weaker.

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence thrusts the saw back and forth. We do not see.

Adam screams as flecks of Lawrence's blood dapple the floor.

INT. SEWER

Tapp gains on the desperate Zep, who hobbles now as if his body was slowly shutting down.

Tapp pounces onto his back, catching his legs. They struggle madly in the slime, Zep withering under Tapp's strength.

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence grits his teeth in agony as he saws through his foot.

INT. SEWER

Tapp inches his gun towards Zep's face.

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence saws faster, harder, biting down on his belt, his eyes wide and maddened. Adam's shrieks fill the chamber.

INT. SEWER

The gun is firmly pressed against Zep's cheek.

Tapp cocks the gun. Puts his hand in front of his face. Then—

--with full force, Zep boots Tapp in the chest, sending him thrashing backwards over the edge of a drop off, landing on a metal pipe...

...and with that he is gone.

INT. BATHROOM

Lawrence saws all the way through, standing up and hopping forward -- free from his shackle at last.

He takes out the bullet in his pocket, limping over to the corpse and prying the .38 from it's cold, dead fingers.

ADAM
Lawrence, it's not me who did this to you!

Frenzied, Lawrence loads the gun.

ANGLE INSIDE THE BULLET CHAMBER--the lethal lead dart slides into position. From in here, it's the size of a guided missile.

Lawrence raises the gun. Points it at Adam. Cocks it.

ADAM
(desperate)
Please, Lawrence, please don't.

LAWRENCE
You wanted to die.

ADAM
No, I want to live! I want to live!

The madness in Lawrence's face melts into sorrow. Voice barely a croak. For a split second, we see the old Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

I'm sorry. My family...

ADAM

Nooooo!

BOOM.

The bullet propels Adam backwards, slipping stupidly into the bathtub. Still.

Lawrence drops to his knees. Nuclear silence.

Finally he looks up, sees the clock reads one minute past four. He looks down at the camera lens.

LAWRENCE

He's dead...for real this time. Show them to me.

CLICK.

The iron door unlocks. It lumbers open, groaning like a beast stirring in its sleep. The skeletal form of Zep shuffles in from the darkness beyond it. Circles the hateful Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

You.

Zep raises the gun.

LAWRENCE

Why?

Zep cocks the gun.

ZEP

It's the rules.

Lawrence closes his eyes, waiting for the inevitable. Zep takes aim, then stops and looks back. Did he just hear breathing?

TOO LATE.

Adam arches upwards, sweeping Zep's leg out from under him with his foot chain.

Zep lands hard, scrambling for his gun. Adam is upon him, wrapping the chain around his neck and wrenching it taut.

ADAM

You wanna chain people up, you sick fuck? You'll die with your own chain.

Zep struggles to breathe, SHRIEKING at Adam...but it's useless. His struggles get weaker, until he wheezes his last gasp.

Adam relaxes his arms. Breathless. Presses his hand on his bleeding shoulder, wincing.

Lawrence tears off his shirt, wrapping it around his leg and tying it off, grimacing in agony.

LAWRENCE

Adam...you're hit in the shoulder. You're going to be okay.

ADAM

Get this thing off my foot!

LAWRENCE

If I don't find help I'm going to bleed to death. I have to go and get help.

ADAM

No!

LAWRENCE

I have to go.

For the first time, they touch, when Lawrence takes Adam's hand.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I'll bring someone back, I promise you.

Adam squeezes Lawrence's hand, breath starting to stutter. Cold.

Lawrence lets go, crawling across the floor like a wounded animal, towards the door. Adam watches him go, fear building.

ADAM

Am I gonna be okay?

Lawrence turns.

LAWRENCE

I wouldn't lie to you.

And then he is gone.

Adam splays on the floor in a crumpled heap. Listening until he can no longer hear Lawrence. The silence without him is almost too much to bear.

Adam shifts, agitated. Freedom is dangling right in front of him, beyond the door, and he can't get to it.

Finally he can't take it any longer. He slides himself over to Zep's body, rifling through his clothes.

ADAM

A key, a key.

He finds a wallet in the pocket of Zep's jeans, flips it open. He discards its contents one by one, finding a drivers licence.

ADAM
(reading from licence)
Shepherd Hindle.

He flicks the licence at Zep.

He keeps fishing through Zep's clothes, hand landing on an object in his coat pocket. He retrieves it.

It's a cassette. Written on the front: ISN'T THIS FUN? PLAY ME FOR THE RULES. Confused, Adam reaches for the cassette player, placing the tape inside and letting it run. Once again, that voice, that horrible voice.

VOICE
(from tape)
Hello Mr Hindle, or as they called you around the hospital, Zep.

Adam glances down at Zep's body. Thoughts racing through his mind.

No, this cannot be.

VOICE
(cont'd from tape)
I have a game for you. As you know, you have been sick for some time. That is the slow acting poisons coursing through your system, which only I have the antidote for. If you want to get well again, you had better join in with my game. Now, listen carefully to the rules.

Unable to believe what he is hearing, Adam turns around--

And tremors in utter shock.

The corpse which had been lying lifelessly on the floor this whole time, since the very start, slowly sits up in front of Adam.

The 'corpse' - now a very much alive, naked man - creaks his neck, blinking and adjusting to the light.

He pushes a needle into his forearm, flexing his fingers as the feeling comes back into his arms.

Every particle of Adam's body has ceased to move. He just watches in stark horror.

The man looks at Adam. From this angle, we see that he is the SICK MAN Lawrence was talking to the student doctor's about, at the hospital. He smiles.

This is truly Jigsaw.

He gradually lifts his cancer ridden body to his feet, peeling away a layer of bloodied latex from his face, tossing it aside.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY -- FLASHBACK

ONCE AGAIN, we see Sing throws an evidence bag containing a syringe onto the table in front of Lawrence.

SING
The man in the room with her had been injected with this. It causes instant paralysis to ninety per cent of muscles in the body.

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

Adam WHIPS Zep's gun up, taking aim at the man.

The man slams his fingers onto a button from a metal device he has wired to his palm. As soon as he does, Adam is electrocuted through his chain, the gun flying from his hand as he flails madly in pain. The man lets go of the button and Adam drops, a sack of fried meat.

Barely alive, Adam looks up at his captor. The man smiles.

MAN
The key to that chain is in the bath tub.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- FLASHBACK

Adam struggling in the tub, in the opening scene. We see his foot yank the plug out, the water gurgling down the drain.

A penlight with a tiny key attached to it goes down too.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- PRESENT

The sickly man hobbles over to the door, as Adam reaches out.

He reaches the door way. He flicks the light-switch off, plunging the once brightly-lit bathroom into darkness.

MAN

I'm surprised by you, Adam. The pawn has done what the knight couldn't do. You've murdered an innocent man.

The silhouette of the man turns to look back at Adam.

MAN

Game over.

He slams the door shut. We are in TOTAL BLACKNESS.

Adam screams into the abyss.

FADE OUT